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THE
CENSOR.
VOL. II.

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To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

EARL of Orrery;

Baron Boyle of Marston, in
the County of Somerset, &c.
One of the Knights of the
Most Ancient Order of the
Thistle.

My LORD,



HAD not these
Papers met with
some Success in
the Town, or,
what I value more, ac-

A 3 quir'd

Dedication.

juir'd some Reputation
among the better Sort
of Judges, I had not pre-
sum'd to request your
Lordship's Patronage for
Them: Not that I pre-
tend to claim it now on
Account of their Worth,
but as the *Censor* is fond
of being usher'd into the
World by so great a
Name.

Entertainments of this
Sort are designed for the
poli-

Dedication.

politeſt Readers, and
however this Volume
may fall ſhort of this
Pretence, you make ſo
great a Figure in That
as well as the Learned
Part of Mankind, I could
not wiſh for a Patron
more adorn'd by Nature
to give it a Recommen-
dation.

The ſenſible Part of
the World in their Plea-
ſures, as well as graver
Con-

• *Dedication.*

Conduct, are proud of being influenc'd by Examples that give them the Credit of Discernment, and a Refinedness of Taste. So that, could I hope this Trifle capable of deserving a Character from your nice Judgement, I should not fear a Number of Admirers that would be ambitious to second your *Lordship* in its Favour.

It

Dedication.

It would be strangely derogating from the Character I have assum'd, even in a Dedication, to confess that I fear your *Lordship's* Taste of Wit is too great to find an Entertainment in this Work. But you are universally acknowledged so good a Judge of Letters, that it will be Prudence in me to resign the *Censorship* before
your

Dedication.

your *Lordship*, and submit to your Determination in a private Capacity.

I had no Intention, *My Lord*, to enter on your Praises in this short Address, but that they recur as Things so entirely attach'd to the Subject, that we can no more forget them, than we can think of the Sun without an Idea of his Brightness and Influence.

If

Dedication.

If there be any Parts
of Your *Lordship's* Character that I have a more
particular Reason to celebrate, they are your
Humanity and Condescension. Yet These have
been so conspicuous to
all that have been honour'd with the Opportunity of approaching You,
that I need give no other Testimony than the
Liberty of inscribing
these

Dedication.

these Sheets to your *Lord-*
ship, and thereby of ac-
knowledging my self,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

most Devoted,

Humble Servant,

The CENSOR.



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VOL. II.

N^o 31. Tuesday, January 1. 1717.

[*Auras,*
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad
Hoc Opus, hic Labor est.—— *Virg.*



WHEN I first withdrew my self from the World, and retired into my *Cave* of *Knowledge*, I promised the Publick to appear again among them earlier than I have done; but my Subterranean Lodging pleased me so well, that I could not quit my Apartment to breath the upper Air so soon as they might have expected. I fancied my self, in this my Retirement,

B

tirement, in the condition of a *Dormouse* which grows fat by *Sleeping*; and that the Length of my Concealment would encrease my Stock of Entertainment, when I should revisit my Friends. You must therefore look upon me as you would on an old Acquaintance at his Return from a long Voyage, stare at me immoderately, find me much altered, and expect to hear a long List of Wonders.

You may remember then, that I told you at our Parting, that I intended, after the manner of *Pythagoras*, to hold a secret Communication with the World, and receive certain Intelligences from that Sphere where I before exercised the venerable Office of *Censor*. When I had thus settled my Correspondence, I took care to fit out my *Cell* with proper Receptacles for the different kinds of Packets I expected, with a Design upon my Re-appearance to examin them all strictly, and compare them with their Originals in the Scene where they were transacted. My Habitation being thus laid out, look'd not unlike, but a little more useful than, an *Apothecary's* Shop, every Drawer and Box being distinguished with the proper Titles of its Contents. I writ upon one *Box*, *Miscellaneous*

neous Poetry; on another of a pretty good Size, *Prophane Prose*; on a Third, *Good Sermons*, and *Plays*; on a Fourth, *Inventions in Dress and Philosophy*.

With these I made a Shift to fill up two Sides of my Room; a third Side I allotted wholly to two large *Chests*, entitled, *Scandal*; clapping in between a little *Patch-Box*, which I thought would easily hold all my Intelligence from the Quarter of *Truth*. The *Scandal-Chests* I left continually open, as well to save my self the Trouble of *Locking*, and *Unlocking*, as knowing the volatile Nature of that kind of Ware, and how apt it was to shift its Quarters. My Box of *Truth* I kept continually under Lock and Key, examining and weighing every minute Fragment of it with as great Exactness as a Miser does his Gold every Morning, for fear any false Pieces should have crept in unobserved. And I must confess, that for all my Diligence some lucky Counterfeits had got in, which upon a strict Examination I found came from the more *Grave* and *Religious* Hands; but upon the first Discovery, I always took care to change their Situation, and dispose of them in the *Scandal-Chests*.

The Furniture of the remaining Part of my Apartment consisted of five large *Portmanteaus*, with the plain Title of *Lyes*. I must own I chose to put these up in *Portmanteaus*, partly with a View to their general Use in the Carriage of this sort of Commodity, and partly because I fancied the *Cylindrical Figure* an *Emblem* of their quick and rolling Quality. But I must acquaint my Reader, that although I thought I had made a very handsome Provision for the receiving as many *Lyes* as one Country could furnish me with during the time of my Correspondence, I found my self vastly mistaken in my Calculation. My Packets, Daily, Weekly, Monthly, were stuffed with little beside, so that I was obliged to think of some new Allotment for their Quarters, and had once a Thought of removing them all at once, and banishing them my *Cave* for ever. Another great Inconvenience I met with in the disposal of these *Wares*, for very often I could not make two *Lyes* sleep quietly together; and sometimes in the midst of a Thread of peaceable ones of the same Complexion, one of an opposite Kind happened to be unluckily thrust in, which gave me great Disturbance. At last I
be-

bethought my self of an Expedient, and opening the Box of *Poetry*, which I found almost empty, I bestow'd a good number of the best-condition'd *Lyes* in that quarter, where they kept together with their Poetical Brethren, with no small Comfort and Friendship.

When I had thus happily composed this Quarrel, I was in hopes of spending the rest of my Time in examining and adjusting the several parts of my Furniture. I had now begun to sort my *Papers*, and provided proper *Epithets* according to their respective Merits to be affixed to each of them. I had pitched upon such Words, as *Bad, very Bad, Intolerable, Whimsical, Pious, Idle, Canting*. I then looked into my Box of good *Plays*, hoping to make use of those noble Adjectives of Honour, *Excellent, Admirable, Incomparable*; but to my great Surprise, though I try'd the utmost Stretch of Good-nature, I could not without the forfeiture of my Judgment allow any of them that Appellation. Instead of these golden Promises which I had flattered my self with, I was forced to have Recourse to the mortifying Titles, of *Irregular, Insipid, Low, Mean*. It struck me indeed with a very deep

Concern to find that *Scene* where *Shakespeare*, and the Immortal *Ben*, had gained eternal Glory, dwindled into Entertainments of *Show* and *Farce* unbecoming the Genius of a Brave, Gallant, and Wise Nation. As I was feeding upon this melancholy Thought, and now and then flinging forth a Soliloquy full of Passion and Despair, I was interrupted by a fresh Courier from above, whose Packet I was in hopes would make me some Amends by Contents of a more joyful kind. But, alas! when I opened it, never was Man so baulked in his Expectations. You must know it was superscribed in a *Law-Hand*, *Perjuries with their Prices from a Shilling to an Hundred Pounds*. This turned my Thoughts from the consideration of Particulars, to bewail the degenerate Principles of a mighty People. I was touched with Anger, Shame, and a thousand other disquiet Passions, that I could not contain my self in my *Cell* any longer. In this Mood I gave Orders to pack up my *Boxes*, and immediately *started* into *Day-light*. It was some Weeks before I could so well recover my self, as not to break out upon my *Reader* in a Passion. But that Fit being over, I beg leave to assure him
that

that it is for his Instruction and Diversion that I resume the Office of *Censor*, and so I shall from Time to Time acquaint him with my Observations in my subterraneous Apartment, as well as those I shall gather from my *new Acquaintance* the *World*.

N^o 32. *Thursday, January 3.*

*Ipsa Dies alios alio dedit ordine Luna
Felices Operum. Virg.*

BESIDE the fair and even Course of *Time*, and those Events which it naturally brings forth from Minute to Minute, from Hour to Hour; there are certain Parts or Portions of it which every Man makes of particular Importance to himself, by some Arbitrary Distinction of his own. This Custom of parcelling out our Space of Existence and Action, and setting our own private Marks of *Good* or *Evil* on some peculiar *Days* or *Months*, is of very great Antiquity, and is still observed by many with a critical Regard to all their Proceedings.

body knows that many a young *Miss* has lost the Opportunity of being a good Work-woman, because the beginning of her *Sampler* has been put off from Time to Time, on account of some Unluckiness that the *Mother* has observed to be in the *Day* when she was to have begun. Not only common Business, but, the most hasty Passion in the World, *Matrimony* it self has often stood still in Obedience to the Rule of unlucky *Days*. I know a great many *Virgins* my self, who would have been *sorrowful Mothers* long ago, had not a due Regard of this kind cut short all the Means towards Children and Grief. A happy Mark of this Nature, has saved many an Estate to a *Minute*; and a single Distinction thrust it self between inevitable Ruin and full Prosperity. Well was it for *Dick Ditto*, and I have often heard him thank his good Genius for it, that of all the *Days* in the Week he chose *Thursday* for his *Favourite*, otherwise he is morally assured that his Father would not have dy'd these twenty Years: Whereas now, by the Force of that Choice only, he is Master of a Noble Estate; and, to add to the Felicity of it, married a fine Woman of a large
Portion

Portion on the same *Fortunate Thursday*. On the contrary, there is *Will. Cross-grain*, who is a Person, you must know, that has read *Hobbs* and the *Free-Thinkers*; and so scorning to be ty'd down to particular Rules in his way of Management, rather chusing to appear the Reverse of Mankind than act like the rest of his Species, has not succeeded in any one thing for twenty Years together. His manner was, as he confesses, to begin the *Week* at the *wrong End*, in Defiance of Omens and Presages, and so set about all matters of Importance on *Saturday Morning*. Ill Success and Disappointments, which are the best Counsellors in the World, have at last convinc'd him of his Error; and since he has altered his Course, he owns to the Comfort of his Heart, that he has as good *Luck* as his Neighbours. It was with this Thought in his Head, that the honest Fellow in *Ben. Johnson* desired the Astrologer to blot the *Unlucky Days* out of his *Almanack*. A Calendar thus reformed, for the use of the good People of *Great-Britain*, would be of infinite more Advantage, than the trifling Prognostics of the Weather.

But these are but small Instances of the *Fatality* and *Felicity* of particular *Days*. The gravest Historians inform us, that Events of the greatest Consequence, and the Fate of whole Nations themselves, have turned upon this Hinge; and therefore among the wisest People there have been such *Days* as we may term *Good*, or *Bad*, upon *Record*; and they have been treated with Respect, or Disgrace, accordingly. It was impossible to have got a *Roman* Cobler to have mended a Pair of Shoes on the Day the Battel of *Cannæ* was fought; as on the contrary, the most covetous Man in *Greece* would not have refused to lend a Friend a *Talent* on the Return of the *Day* when the brave Defence was made at *Thermopylæ*. Every one who has read my Lord *Clarendon's* History, knows that *Friday* was *Cromwell's* Fortunate Day; and the Enemies of *England*, as well as the *Grand Scignior*, would have had a fine Time of it, if they could have kept *Sunday* out of their *Almanacks*. It would have been worth more Money to the late *King of France*, than the *Chamber of Justice* will bring in to the Present, to have had that particular *Day* expunged out of his Accounts: As on the contrary, we
have

have all the Reason in the World to have it in particular Veneration. I will not carry the Matter so far as to propose a Set of Privy-Counsellors in every Nation, to make Choice of proper *Days* for the beginning of all important Actions; though I am of Opinion, that it is much more useful than an *Academy* for settling of Words and Phrases.

For my own Part, as I have long looked upon the Observation of particular Seasons as a thing of Moment, so I can safely say, that I have had the Happiness to *single* out my Days much to my Satisfaction. I have put many of my Friends upon the same Thought, and as they have either seconded, or raised these Impulses, so has been the Issue Prosperous or Unfortunate. I know a poor Gentleman who has been miserable a long time, only because in Transgression of this Rule, he would run in the Teeth of Ill Luck, and *marry* the Day the *high Wind* happened.

But of all People, the Fraternity of Authors ought to have a sacred Regard to the critical Days of Writing; and always endeavour to catch and improve the lucky Minutes. A famous Poet of the last Age was so much convinced of
this

this Maxim, that I have seen, under his own Hand, Notes upon his own Writings, with these remarkable Distinctions; on all his Eminent Productions, *Begun of a Tuesday, finished of a Thursday*; on those of less Value, *Writ this of a Wednesday, was so unlucky as to publish these Verses on a Friday*. Now as this Winter is likely to be very fruitful of Authors, who will have little else to recommend them than the Choice of their *Lucky Days*; I have for their Benefit drawn together a few short Hints, which I desire they would punctually observe as they expect Success and Approbation. I call it a *Scale or Table of Time* for all *Poets, Prefacers, Play-Wrights, Translators*, as well Male as Female.

Monday, A good Day to begin Translations from the *French* only; Abstain carefully from *Greek* on this Day, several Authors have split upon this Rock, for that Language *will not be Translated on Monday*.

Tuesday, if Fair, is a very *Poetical Day*; a Friend of mine wrote an excellent Epilogue lately on that Day; and another succeeded very well in a Song to *Chloris*.
Wednesday,

Wednesday, a tolerable time for *Murthers*, *Fires*, and *Three-Half Penny Sheets*; it is good for nothing else.

Thursday, Both *Prose* and *Verse* succeed very well on this Day, and yet it is very bad for *Sermons*, and all kind of *Latin Compositions*.

Friday, Take *Physick*, play at *Picquet*, in short, do any thing but *Write* this Day.

Saturday, It has done very well for *Epic* and *Lyric Writers*, *Pamphlets*, *News*, and all sort of *Garlands*.

Sunday, Write nothing, especially take care of meddling with *Pen* and *Ink* soon after *Sermon*.

I hope my Brother Writers will take these Hints kindly, 'till I have an Opportunity of giving them fuller Instructions. I assure them that I ground the Prosperity of my own Works on this Foundation, and that was the reason that I published my first Paper on *New-Year's Day*.

Saturday,

N^o 33. Saturday, January 5.

*Ingeniis non Ille favet, plauditque sepultis,
 Nostra sed impugnat; Nos, Nostraq; Lividus odit.
 Quod si tam Græcis Novitas invisa fuisset
 Quam Nobis, quid nunc esset Vetus?----* Hor.

ILL-NATURE, said a Wit of the last Age, is the *Bawd* to *Criticism*; a little Learning, and a great deal of ill Success are its *Pimps*; and with these Helps it preys upon the Bloom of Wit, spoils and sullies the Beauties of all that fall within its Compass. A Critic of this Complexion sets up in defiance of good Sense, and is a professed Foe to every Excellency which he cannot reach: He is the Reverse of a *Knight-Errant*, prowling about to *destroy*, as the Other to *defend*; as ill-manner'd to Beauty, as the Other courteous; and as the Rules of the *Knight's* Chivalry are all drawn from a false Notion of Honour, so are the *Critick's* from an over-weening Pride and Vanity. These unhappy Ingredients in his Temper make him the
 most

most subject to Mortification of any Creature under the Sun; for, as it is said of a proud Man, that you are sure to give him the Spleen by not pulling off your Hat in Respect to his Person, so you are certain of tormenting the Other by not complimenting his Judgment. For this Reason it is, that I have always looked upon the modern *Furius* to be more the Object of *Pity*, than that which he daily provokes, Laughter and Contempt. Did we really know how much this poor Man suffers by being Contradicted, or which is the same thing in effect, hearing another Praised; we should in Compassion sometimes attend to him with a silent Nod, and let him go away with the Triumphs of his Ill-Nature. Instead of this Charity, which indeed I have often exercised towards him, the Waggs who see him sitting in a *Coffee-House* brim-full of *Aristotle* and *Dacier*, and in Pain till he drops some of his Learning among them, soon ease him of that Burthen, in order to impose a heavier upon him by speaking well of his Contemporaries. No sooner have they done this, but poor *Furius*, quitting the Ground of the present Dispute, steps back above a thousand Years
to

to call in the Succour of the *Ancients*. Provided with these Auxiliaries, looking big and swelling with the Certainty of his Conquest, he runs into extravagant Lengths of Applause upon his Champions of *Greece* and *Rome*. It is not out of any real Veneration for these Authors, that he honours them with his *Encomiums*; he does not praise them because *they are Good*, but because *they are Ancient*. His very Panegyric is *spiteful*, and he uses it for the same Reason as some Ladies do their Commendations of a *dead Beauty*, who never would have had their good Word, but that a *living one* happened to be mentioned in their Company. His Applause is not the Tribute of his Heart, but the Sacrifice of his Revenge. For in reality, he could dispense with speaking favourably of a Modern, but it must not be one of his own Time or Country; or if it is, you are sure his Grave has been dug some Years. But I must dismiss *Furius*, to speak of another Species of *Critics* very common in our Days, and taken notice of by no Author that I know, except *Horace*.

This is the *Hypocrite in Criticism*; One who is the forwardest in laying in all
new

new Wit, and hugs himself with Pleasure at the reading of it in his Closet, and certainly damns it as soon as he goes Abroad. His *Admiration* and his *Envy* are both *Local*, and don't depend upon the Composition of the Writer, but upon the Place where he is spoke of. He shall be in Raptures in his *Chamber* with a new *Tragedy*, and within two Hours hiss the same thing upon the *Stage*. He dissembles his Opinion where it may be of any use to the Writer, and cheats him of the Tribute of a publick Applause, but is sincere in Private where he can do no Good to any but himself. This Hypocrisy is too frequent with the Moderns, and perhaps most of my Readers may pick out some of their Acquaintance of this perverse Humour. I am sure that I have caught Sir *William Close-witt*, who is known to have a fine Taste in Poetry, smiling over a favourite Piece in the Morning, and have heard him deny at Dinner that he ever read it, only because he would not give the Author that Praise which he knew was due to his Merit. This unfair Treatment, the Poet, with a great deal of Reason, calls both *Injustice* and *Ingratitude*. It is indeed monstrous that a Man should be a
Niggard

Niggard in the Communication of a Pleasure, which will not be lessened to himself by its being diffused to others; not to speak of the Force he imposes upon his own Understanding, of continually contradicting Truth, and being Insincere without either Gain or Provocation.

In opposition to this Conduct, I promise the Publick to be as true an Attendant upon Virtue, as a Spy upon Vice; to be more forward in Praising, than Condemning the Works of my Contemporaries according to their intrinsic Merit. I cannot give them a better Specimen of my Inclination, than by telling them that I have read with Pleasure the new *Translation* of the first eight Books of *Homer*, and if I were to commend the Author, I should do it in these excellent Lines of a Modern to Mr. *Dryden*:

*The Copy casts a fairer Light on all,
And still out-shines the bright Original.*

The Spirit of *Homer* breaths all through this Translation, and I am in doubt whether I should most admire the Justness of the Original, or the Force and Beauty of the Language, or the sounding

ing Variety of the Numbers; but when I find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the Poet says of one of his Heroes, that he *alone* raised and flung with ease a weighty Stone that Two common Men could not lift from the Ground; just so one single Person has performed in this Translation, what I once despaired to have seen done by the force even of several masterly Hands. Let the Reader observe these two Similitudes of the Motion of the *Græcian* Army in the *Second* Book, and I am sure he will be of my Opinion.

*The Sceptred Rulers lead; the following Host,
Pour'd forth in Millions, darkens all the
Coast;*

*As from some Rocky Cleft the Shepherd sees
Clustering in Heaps on Heaps the driving Bees,
Rolling, and blackning, Swarms succeeding
Swarms,*

*With deeper Murmurs, and more boarse Alarms,
Dusky they spread, a close-embodied Croud,
And o'er the Vale descends the living Cloud.*

And soon after,——

*Murm'ring they move, as when old Ocean
roars,*

*And heaves huge Surges to the trembling
Shores;*

The

*The groaning Banks are burst with bellowing
Sound,*

The Rocks remurmur, and the Deeps rebound.

I could with a great deal of Pleasure point out the particular Beauties of these Verses, which are not perhaps obvious to every Eye ; but I have already said enough to call the Critick *Furius* upon my Back, and therefore leave them to the private Judgment of every Reader.

N. B. The Box of new *Inventions* in *Dress* and *Philosophy* is now sorting for publick View.

N° 34. *Tuesday, January 8.*

— *Regna Vini sortiêre* — Hor.

Finding my self yesterday rather indolent than industrious, and more inclin'd to Stroling than Study, I dress'd in the Afternoon, and made a Visit to Young *Will. Freeman*. He is a Youth for whose Ease Nature has provided as much in a Temper, as Fortune in his
Cir-

Circumstances: His Education has made him a Smatterer in *Letters*; and his Genius is much turn'd to the Ambition of a Library. Being led to his Chamber, he complimented Me with an Invitation from his Closet, where I found him in his Night-Gown, with a Face not a little sullied, a small Whisk in One hand, and a Piece of dirty Flannel in the Other: After some Apologies for his *Deshabillé*, he proceeded to tell me that he had been dusting his Books, and restoring them to their proper Station on the Shelves.

I confess I was mightily disappointed, when, upon Examination, I perceiv'd his Disposition of his Books meant nothing more than giving them an Air of Regularity, and having them marshall'd according to their Size: but was more surpriz'd to find that his best Acquaintance with his Authors was from the *Letters on their Backs*.

I could not be so ill-natur'd as to shock him with a direct Reproof, but chose to insinuate my Dislike of his Proceeding by an oblique Reproach: I can but commend, *said I*, your Conduct in laying out that Money to your Improvement, which others throw off at a Gaming

ming Table, or squander away in more unwarrantable Pleasures: I doubt not but you mean to grow so intimate with these Friends, as to think hereafter with Satisfaction on what easie Terms you purchas'd their Acquaintance: A Gentleman should value himself more from having *read* Books, than *paid for them*; there is a Pleasure in seeing a Young Student intent upon his Instruction, and I always thought *Ammonius's* Ass a good Satyr on Such as were negligent in this important Point: The Animal, 'tis said, had so wonderful a Taste for Poetry, that he rather forbore eating the Meat before him, than to interrupt his Attention at the reading of a Poem.

I perceiv'd a conscious Blush arose on *Will's* Face, which made me suspend my Lecture; and, after some little Discourse on indifferent Subjects, I offer'd to take my Leave. The good-natur'd Lad would not permit my Departure, but told me I must attend a Ceremony, which he almost made a Part of his Religion, of chusing a Corner of *Twelfth-Cake* with Him: but that first I must go thro' a Course of Cards, if I could dispense with his Sisters and the Company they had provided.

The

The Ladies were dress'd on this extraordinary Occasion, and entertaining a Gentleman who, as I perceiv'd, made his Address to Mrs. *Arabella*, the Eldest. Tho' I am a Batchelor, I have not fail'd making some Speculations on the Passion of Love, and the Symptoms in which it breaks out in different Persons. I observ'd while we were at Cards, our Gallant express'd the Zeal of his Affection in playing with Inveteracy against his Mistress, and always pushing his Fortune, when she had any Stake on the Board.

Will, who saw he was but sorrily befriended by the *Cards*, was eager for the *Cake* to come in to his Relief; It is not to be express'd what sudden Anxieties were perceptible in each Countenance on its first Appearance; and what Glances of Hope and Fear in particular were shot from the two Lovers Eyes. It put me in Mind of the Slaves in *Dryden's Don Sebastian*, who come up to the *Urn* as if they fear'd to trust Fortune with the Decision of their Fates. Tho' I was complimented, in respect to my *Character* and *Office*, with the first Choice of the *Cake*, I desired that Piece which the Company should leave might be my
Portion,

Portion, that I might shew no Levity in an Over-Niceness of fixing on my Share.

When we were determin'd in our Chances, the Apprehensions we before labour'd under were converted into Smiles; and my Friend *Will* rubb'd his Hands with much Alacrity, and broke out into an Open Grin. As his Impatience was greatest to know in what Class he must be rank'd, he fell on his Cake with a more than ordinary Appetite; and, in a short Space, I saw him draw out of his Mouth *Pam's* Head, a little disfigured with the Impressions of his Teeth. Miss *Jenny* could not keep her Countenance at this Accident, but laugh'd till she redden'd in the Face again; and seeing me look grave, as for an Explication of her Merriment, told me with an Air of Vivacity, that whatever Opinion I had of her Brother's *Honesty*, she could assure me he was *the Knave* of the Company.

We had not indulg'd long in our Raileries on poor *Will*, e're the Lover's Swallow was interrupted by Something, which, as we found, terminated in a piece of grey Rag; *Will*, who was glad to have a Companion in Tribulation,

look'd

look'd arch on the Gallant, and told him, Now he had got the *dirty Clout*, he wanted but a *Brush* and a *Pot* of *Lamb-black* to equipp him for a *Japanner*.

The Lover past off the Young Squire's rough Jest with Abundance of good Humour, and only replied, He should not be asham'd even of that Post, provided he might have the Honour of wiping *Her Majesty's* Shoes. I observ'd, at those Words, he cast a Look of Languishment on Mrs. *Arabella*; as who should say, he hop'd *that Dignity* would fall to her Lot: when to his great Disappointment his Wish was frustrated by my producing a *Bean*, which was lodg'd in the Centre of my Cake. *Will*, who was now, by the Influence of the Glass going round, spirited up to Loquacity and a Vein of Jocoseness, rose up gravely and said, He ought in Duty to congratulate *my Majesty*, but that he fear'd a Rebuke from my *Masculine Austerity*: and that if he might declare his Opinion, without Offence to Modesty and good Manners, he doubted *the Queen* was little better than an *Hermaphrodite*. I advis'd him however to spare my Quality, and in Allusion to the thing which denoted my Royalty, gave him the *Pythago-*

rean Maxim for his Caution, *Abstinere à Fabis*.

Miss *Jenny* soon after fix'd her Teeth in a *Bit of Stick*, which, as she said, should have belong'd to *the Sloven* her Brother; when *Will* was so transported to think that Mrs. *Arabella* of necessity must be *King*, that, forgetting the Consequence of my *Censorial* Resentment, *By Heaven*, says he, *Sister Bell pays for the Cake*.

I grew weary at length of my Spark's Mood of Pleasantry, (for all Mirth has a Period, after which it becomes insipid to Us;) pleaded a Necessity of keeping good Hours, and obtain'd Leave to retire: When I got to my Lodgings, I sat down by the Fire, and was much puzzled to imagine whence this Ludicrous Custom of *chusing King and Queen* should arise; and what Incident at first pinn'd it down to a certain Day in the Year.

I confess I could not be satisfied with my Reflections on this Matter: nor could call to Mind any Authority from whence *this Custom* took place. I know well, the *Greeks*, and the *Romans* after them, cast Dice in their Revells for the Election of a *King*, who was to prescribe the *Method*

thod and *Proportion* of *Drinking*. If this were the Original of it, I can easily allow the Introduction of the Other *jocose Characters* to the Gaiety of succeeding Ages; and cannot condemn my Countrymen for preferring a Piece of *Plumb-Cake* to the Determination of the *Dice* in this Affair.

I was interrupted in my Meditations by my Landlady's knocking at my Door, and bringing me up the following Letter, which she told me came from my Bookseller.

To the Censor of Great Britain.

Venerable Sir,

AS I am a great Admirer of polite Diversions, I am a constant Customer to the *Play* and *Opera*; I was twice at *Camilla* last Week, where I was so transported with Mrs. *Barbier's* Performance, that in the Heat of my Pleasure I struck out some Lines, which if you think worthy of any Regard in your next Paper, I shall conclude you no sworn Enemy to such Entertainments.

Yours unknown,

A. B.

C 2

Eccho,

Eccho, dull Nymph, frequent the Rock no
 more, (Shore;
 The winding Fabrick, and the wave-beat
 No more to hoarse and hollow Tones reply,
 But haunt the Scene, and warble Harmony.

From Barbier's Notes thy tuneful Lays pro-
 long,
 For pleas'd Attention hovers o'er her Song;
 So full her Compass, and her Voice so clear,
 She joys, yet pains the wonder-wounded
 Ear.

N. B. On this Recommendation I will
 be at *Camilla* next *Wednesday* incognito,
 and if I like it as well as my Correspon-
 dent, may take a *Box* at a proper Op-
 portunity, and appear in publick for En-
 couragement of the Opera.

N^o 35. *Thursday, January 10.*

*O quantum Eruditorum aut Modestia ip-
 sorum, aut Quies operit, & subtrahit,
 Famæ! Expertus scribo quod scribo. Plin.*

IT is and has been a frequent Com-
 plaint among Men of confined Views,
 that Learning is in a State of Decay, and
 that

that we every day lose Ground of the Ancients, and seem travelling backward into a Land of Ignorance and Darkneſs. But I muſt beg Pardon of theſe Gentlemen if I can't come into their Sentiments, it being my Opinion, upon a curious Survey of Particulars, that Knowledge ſhoots out at this very Day into more flourishing Branches than ever, and that the Number of the *Learned* riſes yearly in our fruitful *Iſland*; tho' I have not yet calculated exactly in what Proportion to the Account of former Ages. He who is a diligent Spy upon Merit, ſhall find many a Philoſopher hid in a *Cottage*, as well as in the ſtudious Retirement of a *College*; and if only the *Birth-places* of the preſent Set of Wits in this Nation were diſtinguiſhed in that oſtentatious Manner, that *Malmsbury* was for one of the laſt Generation, the World would know that there is not a *Village* in our Native Country, without ſome great Genius buried in *Reſt* or *Modesty*. Providence, perhaps, as Mr. *Dryden* ſays with an elegant Boldneſs of Expreſſion, *has ſet their Cradles out of Fortune's Way*, left them, like the Sons of Lewdneſs and ill Luck, in a private Corner, without even the Diſtinction of a

Name. But yet we ought no more to doubt that there are such extraordinary Spirits among our Species, than we should of the Existence of different *Beings*; because they are not the Objects of our Senses, and don't fall within the Sphere of our Conversation. However, let Others believe, or disbelieve at their Pleasure; it is our Business, who are the Inquisitors of Truth, and the Messengers of Fame, to search into the distant Angles of the Earth, to haunt the Walks of Solitude, as well as the public Marts of Honour, and pull forth Merit into open View, and set it in the most conspicuous Point of Light we are able. We ought to make up the Defects both of Nature and Fortune, be impartial where they have been partial, and supply in Praise the Want of all other Circumstances. *Pliny*, and my self have both found by Experience, that the greatest Parts are often shaded in Obscurity; and as he owns he found a prodigious *Scholar* in the Disguise of a *Farmer*, so have I met with an excellent *Musician* in the Person of a *Small-cole Man*. How often have I heard an unexpected Flood of *Greek*, from a Mouth that I thought incapable of giving a
com-

common Answer in its Mother Tongue; and many a one besides my self has been robb'd on the Western Road in the most elegant *Latin*.

This may suffice to prepare my Reader for the opening my *Box* of *new Inventions* in *Dress* and *Philosophy*, otherwise it might have been too great a Surprize to him to find some things of an uncommon Nature discovered by Persons, whose Studies seem to have lain another way. I must tell him then, that upon the Perusal of a Bundle of Papers in the first Drawer, I observ'd that the *Longitude* had been discover'd by four several Persons, without any Communication of each other's Thoughts, viz. a *Wit*, a *Cobler*, a *Mathematician*, and a *Watchman*. It may not be amiss to take notice of some particular Circumstances in this great Discovery, which, like other new and surprizing Inventions, seem not to have proceeded from a long Chain of Thought, but a sudden Start or Stretch of the united Faculties of the Mind.

The *Watchman* ingenuously owns his Notion leap'd into his Head upon a Gentleman's giving him half a *Crown* for lighting him home; and tho' he was stark mad all the Night afterwards, yet

he remembers very well that the precise Time of his making the Discovery was between the Hours of *Twelve and One*. This it seems is reckon'd a Circumstance of singular Importance, and as fit to be made public, as that the *perpetual Motion* was found out in the turning of a *Pancake*, and the *Duplicature* of the *Cube* was made by Mr. *Hobbs* on a Day that he took *Physic*.

The *Wit* had been talking of the Possibility of its Discovery at a *Tavern* all Night; and, ruminating over the Sweetness of the Reward, went to Bed in the Morning, and found it in his *Dream*. That this Incident may be no Obstacle to the Learned in the Reception of his Notion, he intends to preface his Discovery with a large Account of *Visions*, and will not forget to tell us that in a desperate Fit of Sickness, when all other Means were ineffectual, *Philip* consulted his Pillow, and dreamt of an *Herb* that cured his Master *Alexander the Great*.

The *Mathematician*, a Person of known Integrity and Soberness of Aspect, says, That he had troubled himself so long with fruitless Tryals, that he had resolv'd to lay aside the Thoughts of it for ever. But one *Rejoycing* Night, as he

he lay in his Bed with his Wife, he was startled into the Discovery by the Discharge of a Great Gun, which gave Occasion to a Modern Punster to say, It was shot into his Head.

But lastly, The *Cobler* being a modest Man, and of no Acquaintance in Letters, confesses his Discovery came by *Inspiration*.

When I had now done with the *Longitude*, I look'd into the *Dress-Drawer*, where I was surpriz'd to find so many vain Attempts to fix the Standard, and measure the *Diameter* of the *Hoop'd-Petticoat*. Upon Reflection, I fancy'd that this might proceed from the Disproportion of the *Reward*, there being a vast Philosophical Difference between a *Hundred Thousand Pounds* to be paid by the *Public*, and a Favour in *private*. The *Science of Dress* in general seem'd to me to run very low, there being very few Promises among my Papers of anything new and elegant, so that I was afraid we should soon be reduced to the Simplicity of Garb used by our Fore-fathers. There were indeed some Proposals which I rather look upon as the Whims of some Poetical Head, than the Polite Thoughts of a *French Tayler*; such as a

Method of reducing all Ladies Feet to the Chinese Model, and an irregular Scheme of letting loose the Hair interspersed with Flowers, after the Indian Fashion. After a long Search I met with but one Man of Spirit, and he could stretch no higher than a new Edition of the old *Brass-Button Coat* for the Men, which I find this *Winter* has produc'd. But as for the Improvements in the *Female Ornaments*, which I expected to encrease in proportion to the superior Quickness of Fancy observable in their Sex, I met with little or nothing remarkable. Upon Enquiry I found the Reason of this Defect to be the Death of that celebrated Mistress in this Art, the late Mrs. Selby; and, I am told, the whole *Mundus Muliebris* is likely to suffer considerably, unless the ingenious Mrs. Salmon should turn her Thoughts from *Wax-work* and *Babies* to the Cultivating of *Flesh and Blood*, and the adorning her own Sex.

Saturday,

N^o 36. *Saturday, January 12.*

— *Sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra, citràq; nequit consistere rectum.*
Hor.

WE meet with, in Conversation, Men of so mix'd a Character, that we know not whether to determine them *Good* or *Bad*; their Virtues and Imperfections are so confus'd and blended, that we cannot absolutely rob them of all Merit, nor yet allow them an Approbation which is not extenuated by the Allay of their Faults.

The *Philosophers* and *Sages* of the old World seem to have settled a sort of *Cartel* betwixt the *Virtues* and *Vices*, and assign'd each their proper Limits and Distinctions; beyond which, if they, on either hand, transgress'd, they were sure to forfeit their first Denomination, and assume a Quality directly opposite: Hence arose certain *Secondary* and *Intermediate* Names; Virtues that were stil'd
so

so only for starting some Degrees from Vice, and Vices that have ow'd their Beings to as minute Digressions from Virtue.

Aristotle has taken no small Pains to examine these *Medium's* of Qualities; and I would advise all Authors, who should understand how Nature works in *Habits* and *Passions*, to mark carefully the Rise and Progression of these *Secondary* Virtues and Vices. The most Sublime and Common Actions of our Lives are influenc'd by the Operation of *inferior* and *subservient* Qualifications; There are Incidents in which often our Frailties are active, without involving us in any flagrant Guilt; and there are Others, where our meanest Accomplishments carry us up to Exploits, in which our Virtue is very little concern'd. The Praise and Censure then of Things must be establish'd not from the Consequences, but the Springs and Motives from which such Consequences were deriv'd. An Historian cannot comment judiciously upon *Facts*, without viewing them in this Light; and a *Dramatic* Writer will be very defective in his *Poetical* Justice, if he has not the strictest Regard to these intermediate Qualities.

I cannot miss this Opportunity of criticising on the Faults which some *Poets* have slipt into, merely from not observing this Mixture of Character; The Story of *Oedipus* has been accounted as fine a Foundation for *Tragedy* as ever was touch'd; and *Sophocles*, who was so great a Judge of Nature and the Force of Passion, has convinc'd us of this Opinion by the Excellence of his Play built on that Fable: The *Greek* Poet meant not to propose his Hero an Object of Horror for the Commission of Parricide and Incest; neither does he involve him in Calamities merely as Judgments for those Crimes, which in him were involuntary, and rather the Guilt of his Fate than Nature. *Corneille*, who among the *French* has wrote on the same Story, and our Countrymen, who work'd after both *Corneille* and *Sophocles*, have entirely mistaken the Character of *Oedipus*, and the Conduct of the *Grecian* Poet.

The famous old Critick who dictated to the Poets proper Subjects for Tragedy, advises them to chuse the Fable of some Illustrious Person who is become miserable by some involuntary Fault, as *Oedipus*; which Doctrine of the Philosopher was not rightly taken by the
French

French Poet. I don't understand, says he, what Aristotle means in this Place, Oedipus does not seem to me to be guilty of any Fault, altho' he kill'd his Father, because he did not know him; and no Man of Spirit and Courage but will dispute the Way against a Stranger who attacks him very furiously: And therefore I don't see what Passion it can refine in us, or which of them it would have us correct by his Example.

This Quotation goes pretty far towards a Proof of what I have asserted, that *Corneille* mistook the Character of his Heroe; *Oedipus's* Fault was being too rashly transported to Anger, and shedding Blood, but two Days after the Oracle had told him he should kill his own Father. This Action, as *Mr. Dacier* has justly observ'd, sufficiently denotes his Character, and all his Manners are conformable to it; he appears in every Respect a Man, who is neither good nor bad, but made up of a Mixture of Virtue and Vice; his Vices are Pride, Anger, Violence, Temerity, and Imprudence; neither his Parricide nor Incest would have made him unhappy; but he fell into those terrible Calamities by his Curiosity, Rashness and impetuous Temper. *Plutarch*, as well as *Dacier*, knew this

to be the Character of *Oedipus*; and has express'd it in a Passage, of which I think fit to transcribe some Part, because it moralizes on a Vice, which too frequently occurs in common Life.

“ Curiosity cast *Oedipus* into the
“ greatest of all Evils; for being desirous to know who he was, because
“ he was reproach'd with being an Alien, he set forward to consult the
“ Oracle; met with his Father, and
“ kill'd him without knowing who he
“ was; afterwards married his own Mother, and became King of *Thebes*;
“ and when he seem'd to be most happy, he had still a Desire to know
“ more concerning himself, tho' his
“ Wife used all possible Endeavours to
“ prevent him; but the more she strove
“ to do it, the more he solicited a certain old Man, who knew all the Affair, and threatned, and urg'd him,
“ by all the Ways imaginable, to the
“ Discovery. So great, so tickling is
“ the Pleasure of Curiosity, and so difficult to controul, that, like an Ulcer, the more 'tis scratch'd, the more
“ 'tis inflamed. But he that is free
“ from this Malady, and of an easie
“ Temper, when he has neglected to
“ hear

“ hear some bad News, ought to say,
 “ O divine Forgetfulness of past Evils,
 “ how full of Wisdom art thou!

I could wish heartily the Poets of our Times would follow the Model of *Sophacles*, and rather lay their *Distress* on Incidents produc'd by some such *uncontrollable Impulses*, than to let the *Dagger* and *poison'd Cup* be at the Discretion of a Villain; and multiply Mischiefs only to shock an Audience, or comply with some unwarranted Lust or Ambition: These Subjects cannot indeed properly *purge our Passions*; we view the Offender with Detestation, and may have some Pleasure to see him punish'd for his Crimes, but his Misery will never stir us up to Compassion, because he has only what he deserv'd.

I have frequently perus'd with Satisfaction the *Othello* of *Shakeſpear*, a Play most faulty and irregular in many Points, but Excellent in one Particular. For the Crimes and Misfortunes of the *Moor* are owing to an impetuous Desire of having his Doubts clear'd, and a Jealousie and Rage, native to him, which he cannot controul, and which push him on to Revenge. He is otherwise in his Character brave and open; generous
 and

and full of Love for *Desdemona*; but stung with the subtle Suggestions of *Jago*, and impatient of a Wrong done to his Love and Honour, Passion at once o'erbears his Reason, and gives him up to Thoughts of bloody Reparation: Yet after he has determin'd to murder his Wife, his Sentiments of her suppos'd Injury, and his Misfortune are so pathetic, that we cannot but forget his barbarous Resolution, and pity the Agonies which he so strongly seems to feel.

Oth.——*Had it pleas'd Heav'n
To try me with Affliction, had it rain'd
All kind of Sores and Shames on my bare
Head,*

*Steep'd me in Poverty to the very Lips,
Giv'n to Captivity me, and my utmost Hopes;
I should have found in some Place of my Soul
A Drop of Patience.*——*But, alas! to make
me*

*The fixed Figure for the Time of Scorn
To Point his slow and moving Finger at:
Yet could I bear that too——well;——
very well;*

*But there, where I have treasur'd up my
Heart,*

*Where either I must live or bear no Life,
The Fountain from the which my Current runs,
Or*

Or else dries up;—to be discarded thence,
 Or keep it as a Cistern for foul Toads
 To knit, and gender in: Turn thy Comple-
 tion there,
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd Cherubin;
 I here look grim as Hell——

N° 37. Tuesday, January 15.

Ω πίποι, εἶον δὴ ἵν' ὁ θεὸς βροτοὶ ἀλλοίωται.
 Εξ ἡμέων γὰρ φασὶ κακὰ ἔμμεναι. οἱ δὲ καὶ εὐλοιοῖ
 Σφῆσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὥσθ' ἔχουσιν.
 Hom.

Nos Te,

Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam caeloque locamus. Juv.

I Find that my *Table of Time*, and *Ob-*
servations upon lucky Days, have car-
 ried some People such Lengths of *Super-*
stition, as I little expected, neither did
 intend to insinuate from that *Doctrine*:
 I have received several Letters on this
 Subject, and some from the Friends of
Judicial Astrology: The Latter request
 that I will oblige the Publick with a
 Dissertation on the *Motions and Aspects*
 of the *Planets*, and their certain Influ-
 ences over the *Actions of Mortals*.
 These do not fail to remind me, in fa-
 your

vour of their own Opinion, that it was asserted by the great *Albumazar*, that the Prayers which are put up to Heaven, when the *Moon* is in *Conjunction* with *Jupiter* in the *Dragon's Head*, are infallibly heard.

Another of my Correspondents, who professes himself an Admirer of the *Science*, desires he may have the Honour of *casting my Nativity*: I must confess, I am so little an *Observer* of *Times* in that Way, that if by the Means of an *Horoscope* I could know before-hand the future Incidents of my Life, I should account it more warrantable [to remain in Ignorance; and rather trust my Fate in the Hands of Providence, than endeavour to controul it by so doubtful a *Prescience*.

What can such a Knowledge avail us further, than to fling the Misfortunes or Miscarriages of our Lives upon the *Direction* of the *Stars*, when perhaps our own *Obstinacy* and *Imprudence* have much more potently influenc'd our Actions?

These Avoidances of Blame, by transferring our Mis-conduct to *Stars* and *Destiny*, are as silly and unreasonable, as being excessive in our Murmurs against *Fortune*: Yet it has been the Levity of the
most

most distant Ages often to impute to *her*, what Men in Reality should have charg'd on their own Follies. It puts me in Mind of the Fable of the *old Woman* in the *Apple-Tree*, who, getting a desperate Fall, laid her Misfortune to the *Devil's* Score. *Homer*, whose Knowledge was as universal as his Poetry is excellent, was not ignorant of this Fault of the World; and, wisely to correct it by an Authority of more Force than his own, he introduces his *Gods* complaining of the Injustice of Men, who charg'd their Miseries on the *Celestial Powers*, when their own Crimes and Follies render'd them unhappy.

This Impression of such wrong Notions, amongst the Ancients, erected so many Temples, as we read of, to *Fortune*. There indeed seems a sort of Confusion, or at least an Intricacy which wants explaining, in the old *Theology*. That divine Poet, whom I have already quoted, has plac'd the two *Vessels* of *Good* and *Evil*, which were to be dealt out among Mankind, near the Throne of *Jupiter*; whilst the Philosophers who acknowledged the Power and Unity of the Deity, call'd that divine Being *Fortune*, when they consider'd it only as the Distributer of Good and Evil Things.

It

It is a large Field for Argument, as well as Speculation, *whether the Success of our Designs is owing to Fortune, or that our Good or Ill Fortune depends on our Conduct.* We have Maxims and Proverbs that seem to stand as Guards on the Frontiers of these two controverted Positions; we have had Declamations *pro* and *con* on the Subject; and Poets and Philosophers have interested themselves, on either Side, in the Dispute.

If we will range our selves under the Discipline of the first Position, *Industry* and *Prudence* must have much less Share in Humane Events, than *Good* or *Ill Fortune*: We must become a kind of *Predestinarians* in our Notions; and form a Belief that neither Reason nor our Endeavours can alter the Course of Actions, or correct our Misfortunes. An unforeseen Disposition of Circumstances, independant on Us, must regulate our Success; and *personal Merit*, entirely subject to the moulding of Fortune, be of no other Worth than from the favourable Working of this great *Arbitress*. 'Tis a vain Enterprize in Us, says the witty *Montaigne*, to presume to grasp both the Causes and Consequences, and carry the Progress of Actions in our Hands. It cannot

cannot be denied, that Fortune, or Chance, or whatever else we shall stile it, in many Stations of Life has a Sway above Merit, Prudence, or our Endeavours. The strange Acquisitions in Merchandize and Gaming, the frequent Advances both at Court and in the Camp, are so many incontestable Proofs of this Truth. We often see such Turns of Advantage wait on the Simple and Undeserving, as may reasonably make Men of Merit and Wisdom sick of the Disposition. "It is ordinarily observable in
" Humane Actions, as the same ingenious *Frenchman* has express'd it, that
" Fortune, in order to convince us of
" her powerful Influence over all Things,
" takes Pleasure in abating our Presumption: And not being able to make
" Fools wise, she makes them Happy
" in spite of Virtue.

If we will espouse the opposite Part of the Controversy, we must believe that we may be Authors of our own Fortunes, and become happy or miserable in such Degree, as we act with more or less Wisdom or Imprudence. *Nepos* has more than once observ'd on the Conduct of *Pomponius Atticus*, that it seem'd to convince him, a Man's Manners

ners made his Fortune, or reconcil'd Fortune to him.

As *Christians* I think we must range our selves between these Two Extremes; let us place *Providence* where Ignorance has substituted *Fortune*, and that will moderate and abate our too high Opinion of our Prudence. The Consequence of this will be, that, where we are favour'd, we may look up with Gratitude to the Divine Dispensation; and where the *Dice of Happiness* run low upon us, we may reflect that we have been defective in our Duties, when we see the Unworthy bless'd with a *better Chance*.

To presume on a Foreknowledge of Accidents in Life, is stretching our Capacities beyond their Reach, and arrogating to Ourselves a Liberty of aping the Divinity. Exalted Wisdom, and deep Searches into Nature have taught us to guess at a Number of Events from Second Causes; but to assert from *Matter*, and *leading* Consequence, that these Things *shall* or *shall not* be, is an Impudence of Humane Reason. I speak not as to experimental Operations, but the Issues of Futurity. We are assur'd from *Scripture* that not even the Angels of Heaven know the End of our Days, and
why

why shall we be for anticipating a Knowledge which even to Them has its Restrictions? Besides, were our Disquisitions answer'd with the Knowledge we contend for, what would be the Fruits of it but tedious Expectations of the Felicities promis'd, and Fears and Anxieties of the Misfortunes threaten'd? In short, it is an excellent Lesson of *Epic-tetus*, to abridge our vain Curiosity in these Points, not to trouble ourselves that Things *are not* as we would have them, but to be content they *should be* as they *are*, and we shall live easie.

N^o 38. *Thursday, January 17.*

*Unde sit infamis, quare malè fortibus Undis
Salmacis enervet, tactosque remolliat Artus,
Discite. Causa latet: Vis est notissima Fontis.*
Ovid.

I Am so far of Opinion that our *Common Dreams* proceed from *Repletion* and *Indigestion*, that, to prevent this fantastick Disturbance of my Slumbers, I have for some Years accusom'd my self to go Supperless to Bed. *Fancy*, however,

ever, I am convinc'd, will sometimes operate on an *empty Stomach*, and strange *Images* be presented to us in our Sleep, even when we live most *physically*, and endeavour to keep the *noxious Humours* in Subjection. *Tertullian*, I remember, has from some certain Dreams attempted to prove the Excellence of our Souls: There are Others, I believe, which at best but evidence the Vigour of the *Animal Spirits*, and the strange Power of that *Mimick* Fancy, as *Dryden* stiles her, over sleeping Reason.

The *Rêverie* into which I so lately slipt has given me Assurance of this Notion, by furnishing out a Vision of such Extravagance as no Trace of Thought or Reason can account for.

Methought, I was scituated in the Midst of a wide and pleasant Field, that look'd gay and delightful as the Poet's *Elizium*; the Delicousness of the Clime, and the balmy Breezes that blew with such Fragrancy, perswaded me that I was transplanted to the *Asian* Continent; and the Buildings and Towers, that I beheld on the distant Skirts of the Plain, seem'd such as I was only acquainted with from a Knowledge of *Antiquity*. On my left Hand, I saw a Grove of Myrtles,

whose Walks were chequer'd with frequent Arbours blooming with Jessamine and Woodbine. On the Right, I beheld a *Fountain* which diffus'd its Waters in great Plenty from a rising Ground, and which were receiv'd in a spacious Vale beneath. The Steams that arose from it were of so *faint* and *sickly* a Scent, that I thought they check'd the *Austerity* of my Nature, and tainted me with Thoughts of unusual Softness and Effeminacy.

My Curiosity was not a little prompted to discover the Mystery of this sudden Alteration, when approaching the Vale I saw a Concourse of People, some naked, others dressing, and who had all been bathing in the Fountain. Their Countenances were, for the most part, *wan* and *consumptive*; and those, who look'd with most *Bloom* and *Colour*, had their Features temper'd with a *maidenly* Blush, and Lines which seem'd peculiar to the *softer* Sex. On the remote Bank, I beheld Swarms of Creatures of a more rugged Disposition: Their Arms and Habits confess'd them Natives of old *Greece* and *Rome*, nor were there a few with painted Skins, such as we are told the Sons of *Britaine* formerly were. These
all

all look'd down with Contempt on the Generation of Bathers, and some with such Glances of Indignation as shew'd 'em resolv'd to launce down their Spears, and transfix them on the Spot.

Whilst I stood gazing with some Wonder, and longing to be inform'd what this odd Mixture should intend, I was accosted by an old Fellow, whom I should easily have mistaken for *Diogenes*, had he communicated his Sentiments from a Tub. Friend, *says he*, I perceive by the Earnestness of your Looks, you are a Stranger to this Place. Know then that those Waters, in which such Numbers continually bath, flow from the celebrated Fountain of *Salmacis*. They still retain a Quality, for which they have been in all Ages noted, of *enervating* the Souls of those who wash in them; The most Martial Spirits are not secured from their Infection; and the Heroes, who have ventur'd their Limbs in that Stream, have afterwards exchang'd the Javelin for the Distaffe. If you want further Proofs of their *emasculating* Property, than from the Mein and Complexions of those Animals you have seen, follow me to yon Grove, and I'll shew you in what Employments the Frequenters of this Spring spend their lazy Hours.

My old Guide, without giving me leave to reply, led the Way to the Grove, and I follow'd him with Pleasure and Expectation of the Novelty. In the first Arbour we came to, I saw a spruce ruddy-looking Youth, who was chaffering with an old Hag about curious *Teeth-Powder*, and *Paste* for the Hands: We proceeded not much further e'er we started a Second, who was mighty busie in *pickling* of *Cucumbers*. Where we made the third Stand, we found the Passage embarrass'd with *French Taylors* and *Peruke-makers*, and perceiv'd they were attending on a *Man of Mode*, and waiting for *Improvements* in *Dress* and *Fashions*.

As we struck into another Walk, we were alarm'd with the Sound of affected Harmony; and, approaching, surpris'd a *Beau* playing with a *Fan*, and practising *Airs* out of an *Opera*: The next Remove presented us with a pale-fac'd Animal, receiving Visits in a *Damask* Bed, and diverting himself with a Favourite *Cat*, with a *red Ribbon* about its Neck.

The next Object was a Creature of Gallantry and Intrigue, adjusting his Cravat and Peruke in the Glass; and on his Table lay several *Billets* in gilt Paper inscrib'd

scrib'd to *Clelia* and *Amarillis*; and by them a Catalogue of *Appointments* made, and *Visits* in Arrear. From another Arbour, at no great Distance, we heard a mighty tittering as from some Females; and discover'd a tall young Fellow in Scarlet, at *Blind-man's-Buff* with his Mother's Chamber-Maids.

At several Stations we could perceive them dressing out for the *Masquerade*; at others, practising *Borees* and *Minuets*; nor fail'd we of Some who were diverting themselves with the *Needle*, and exercising their Fancies with the Disposition of *Colours* in *Patch-work*. The Variety of Objects could not but furnish out a Diversity of Amusement; and I was not a little pleas'd at a Spark and his Ladies, who in an *Indian* Nightgown and *Brocaded* Waistcoat, was frothing up the *Chocolate*.

What most surpriz'd me in this Antick Dream, was, that many of the Faces I met with in the Grove were such as I remember to have seen at the Theatres, Drawing-rooms, and Coffee-houses.

Soon as I wak'd, I began to recall the Circumstances and Particulars of my Vision; and to descant on the Moral of so Chimerical a Medley. How often,

thought I, have Affluence of Fortune, and a Vice of Education, made our Sons as effeminate, as the Waters of *Salmacis* are reported to have done! How many have been sunk in Luxury to a degree of Woman-hood, who owed the Service of their Sword or Brain to their Country!

I cannot reflect on the Degeneracies of the Age without a Retrospection to the Manners, and Masculine Virtues of the old *Spartans*: The very Sports of whose Youth were Feats of Activity, and a continual Course of Exercise, to inure them to Toil, and preserve them from the Lethargy of Laziness and Indolence: Thus were their Nerves strung with double Strength, and their Souls spirited up to Exploits of Bravery and Honour. Then could Friendship be cultivated without the Aid of Flattery; and Virtue recommend to Trust without a servile Dependence. Then was Sincerity practis'd without Suspicion; and the Features taught no Language but what the Heart and Tongue dictated. On the contrary, Effeminacy, which enervates the Body, debauches the Principles. Our Friendships are little better than Strains of affected Civility; Grimace and Compliment supply the Place of Truth and Honesty;

Honesty; and our Services are grounded either on a View of Interest, or end in idle and ineffectual Professions. I must notwithstanding conclude of my Countrymen, as *Ælian* did of the *Athenians* whom he had been accusing of Luxury and Softness: *Dissolute as they are, yet these are they who won the Battel of Marathon.*

N^o 39. *Saturday, January 19.*

*Fuit intactis quoque cura,
Conditione super communi: quin etiam Lex,
Pœnaq; lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quemquam
Describi: vertère Modum, formidine fustis,
Ad benè dicendum, delectandumque redacti.*

Hor.

I Shall make it a Rule for the future, unless some important Reasons to the contrary divert me from the Subject, to take the Affairs of the *Stage* under Cognizance every *Saturday*. In my *Dissertations* on this Head I shall be careful to comprize every Branch of the *Theatre*; and lay down my Opinion with like Freedom, in Regard to the *Poets, Actors,*

and *Audience*. That Part of the Argument which will relate to the *Poets*, shall not only take in a View of their *Performances*, but be employ'd on the *Nature* of the Poem they engage in, the *Vices* which each *Species* of Poetry has labour'd under, and wherein reform'd either by the *Genius* of the *Authors*, or *Wisdom* of the *Common-wealth*.

Without entering into any Dispute with *Chronologers*, or those *Criticks* in *Literature*, who write but to a Dozen Readers, I shall take the Liberty to begin with the *Old Comedy*. This sort of Poesy, when it first started, was like Man, unciviliz'd by Notions of Humanity, rude and barbarous. It wanted not its *Graces* of *Thought* or *Distion*, but its *Satire* was so harsh and unpolite, that, like playing at rough Game with a Gyant, you were sure to be knock'd down whenever the Blow reach'd you. It was a *Glass* indeed that set *Vice* and *Folly* to View, but it had a pernicious Property of shewing *particular Faces*. Characters of Men and Manners drawn from Nature, and a just *Decorum* of the Stage were Improvements of *later Ages*; *Old Comedy* contented it self with *Ridicule*, and a bare-fac'd Exposing of Persons in Being.

This

This Licence of the Scene soon alarmed the Magistracy, who found their own Names and Actions were not spar'd; but the private Blemishes of their Lives made publick, and censured with Virulence. This soon drew down the Artillery of *Law* on the *Comick Poets*, and *personal Defamation* was made *Capital* by the *Statutes*.

I shall not be so critical as to pursue an History of the Degrees by which the Stage reformed, but rather observe upon the Justness of inflicting Penalties, and the Use it has been of to the Design of *Comedy* by disarming it of *private Scandal*. Had the Liberty of this Custom of traducing gone on unpunish'd, the most Virtuous, and Inoffensive would have suffer'd in the Libel. There are Hours in which Envy and malignant Wit attack without Distinction; and no Considerations can secure the Innocent from the Lashes of an inveterate Pen; Besides that Detracters, like Caterpillers, chuse to prey on the fairest Fruit.

'Tis certain were there no Restrictions of Severity, *some* Poets would be perfect *Atheists* in their Liberties, and bring the most sacred Things into Contempt. The Majesty of Kings would be as liable to

their Scurrility, as the most common *Topicks* of Raillery. No Regards of Authority would deterr them from Calumny, were it not secur'd by a *coercive Power*; and *Jove* himself would be the Object of their Derision, could they presume themselves safe from his Thunderbolts. *Aristophanes*, tho' acknowledg'd the Treasurer of all the *Attick* Graces, is one of these bold and flagrant Wits: 'Tis true, *Satire* in his Days was not ty'd up, and he has let it loose to worry all Degrees and Orders of Men. Had he liv'd in the more polite Age of *Menander*, when Regulations and Decency, the Caution of Senates, and a more refined Taste had corrected the Licence of the first Times, we might have expected the justest Models of Comedy from his Hands.

I have one particular Objection to this old and unreform'd Comedy, that, setting aside the Case of the Parties griev'd, *Invectives* levell'd at a *single* Person have not the due Influence on the *general*. The Business of Comedy is certainly, by shewing our venial Faults and Follies in the strongest Light of Ridicule, to shame us from the Practice, and amend our Manners. This Reformation must necessarily

cessarily be made from general Characters; for where a particular Man is sneer'd at, every one is for throwing the Ridicule off from himself, and can find nothing in his own Conduct to correct from the Lesson.

For this Reason, as well as to avoid the *Odium* of Ill-nature, I would advise all the *Moderns* who are conversant with the *Old Comedy*, to study the Beauties and discard the Virulence: A good Poet may with artful Satire be the Scourge of the Times, without knotting his Whip for one Delinquent. *Singling out* of Objects for *Reproach* and *Infamy*, is turning *Executioner* in Wit; whereas *Poetical* Corrections, like Fire-Arms in the Battel, should be discharg'd without too close a Direction. 'Tis a wise Provision in Equity, that, where a Plaintiff flies from the Merit of his Cause to trifle or defame, his Bill may be *referr'd* for *Scandal* and *Impertinence*. So Poets, who, rather than not bespatter some *Individual*, will lose Sight of the Moral, and rob their Audience of Instruction, ought to be amerced for running Riot in Wit.

I shall be in Hopes that Apprehension of *personal* Inflictions will in time extirpate the Generation of *Libelling* Wits.
Terror,

Terror, and the Flesh's Weakness have in many Cases prevail'd, where Reason and Good-nature have lost the Argument. I have now by me a Manuscript Treatise, which perhaps might be of some Use to stop the Growth of *Defamation*, giving a *short Account* of the *Malevolent Wits* that have *suffer'd* for the *Freedoms* of their Pen. I cannot say whether it be a genuine History of Facts, or only a *Legend* of fictitious Punishments compil'd in *Terrorem*. I suppose it may have had some View to the *Law* mention'd by *Horace*; for I find a *Club* frequently asserted to be the Weapon of Correction. I have another small Tract, perhaps wrote on the same Foundation, call'd, *The Regulation of Wit* by an *Oaken Plant*.

Tho' I have no Design of making these Treatises publick now, I'll take care they shall not be lost to Posterity upon Occasion, should the Sons of *Defamation* spring up in another Age.

I must confess, I have a particular Veneration for *Candour* in all Compositions; it is a Quality which recommends our other Virtues to the World, and extenuates our Failings. I have often been pleas'd with this Mitigation, when I have heard

a Man tax'd of some Faults, that yet
— *He's a very good-natur'd Man; I never knew him give any body a bad Word.*

On the contrary, I have been provok'd to meet with People of so perverse a Disposition, that they would never allow any one Merit, or the least Pretence to a good Character. Spleen, or a Mistaken Emulation, which centres in Envy, has over-rul'd their Opinions, and implanted Prejudices which the best Testimonies are not able to evict. These are a Tribe of Wretches, who, if I may be allow'd the Expression, tho' you convince them, will not be convinc'd.

I might have been much more Critical upon *Old Comedy*, if its main Vice of *personal Reflection* had not carried me unawares into this Digression: But thus it happens in many other Cases, that a Number of *Beauties* are often lost in one gross *Deformity*.

Tuesday,

N^o 40. Tuesday, January 22.

Ἦδη καὶ γλυκύπικρον ἐδέξατο κέντητον Ἑρώτων,
 Θίρμειο δ' κραδίῳ γλυκερῷ πνεῖ παρθένου ---
 Musæus.

Ut vidi! ut perii! ut me malus abstulit Error!

Virg.

I Hope my Readers will not think me too fond of talking of my self, when I acquaint them that I have of late receiv'd many Packets of *Compliment* and *Reproach*. The Contents of the former my Modesty will not permit me to reveal: The latter complain, That I am not so bright as I have appear'd to them under a *former* Character; and some, that I seem a little too much confin'd to Criticism and Morality. *Sappho* has solicited me to touch on the *Influence of Love*, and bids me remember the celebrated Story of *Eginhart* and *Imma*; but *Emilia*, whom I suspect a Dissembler of Inclination desires me to recommend the *Satisfactions of a Female Friendship* above the *Intimacies* which are grounded on *Contrariety of Sexes*.

I may oblige the first by combating the Opinion of the *Prude*; and convince the Other that her Soul may be touch'd with a stronger Passion, than that which an Affection for her own Sex can inspire.

A Friendship or Dearness, contracted from Sympathies in Habit and Temper, can be no Exclusion to the Power of Love; and tho' two Friends may so far be engag'd with each other's Attractions, as to seclude themselves a while from other Conversation, there are Hours of Life in which *Venus* will put in her Claim, and make us more remiss to our *Platonick* Acquaintance. The Production of our Kind is the Eldest Law of Nature; and there are no Seeds implanted in us to encourage an Aversion for that Sex we are not of. To deal freely upon this Head, I have always thought *Women* pretend to be *Man-baters*, as *Fools* make a Bravado of being *Atheists*: The Principles of both are founded upon false Notions, and a Want of knowing themselves fully. *Emilia* declaims publicly against Marriage, and cannot bear the Thoughts of a Man: Declarations of this sort may proceed from Three Causes; a too rigid Affectation of Modesty, a favourable

vourable Match not being in the Way, or an Expectation of a Settlement by the By.

It is the Remark of a Writer, very well acquainted with Nature, that *the Woman who is insensible, is one who has not yet seen the Person she is to love.* I would desire my fair *Wards* to contemplate on this Lesson, and not give themselves the Trouble of a Reserve, which will certainly draw their Sincerity into Suspicion. To declare no *Antipathies*, will never subject them to the Imputation of *Fondness*: And the strictest *Modesty* may keep its Ground without the Aid of such *precise* Insinuations. Besides that there is this Danger in protesting for Virginity, that it has hinder'd many a Lover from beginning his Address, and reduc'd many a Woman to the Abstinence of a *Nun*, without her ever designing to put on the Habit.

Chloris has as nice Sentiments of Honour as *Melissa*, yet scruples not to confess, she lives in Hopes of seeing the Man on whom will depend an Increase of her Happiness: *Melissa* hears her with a disdainful Smile, will not suffer her self to be handed out of the Play-house to her Coach, yet watches the Glances of every Fop that ogles her, and loses the whole
Enter-

Entertainment of the Comedy: What are these Airs of Reserve but Diffimulation? Whence arises her Desire of being admir'd and gaz'd at? And to what Intent would she draw the Eyes of the Spectators, if not to captivate their Hearts with her Beauty?

I have known many a Citadel, fortified by Art and Nature, that has been surrendred to the Enemy by some Traytor within the Walls: So Constitutions, seemingly all Frost and Indifference, have often been betray'd by a lurking Inclination. In vain are the Defences of Professions and Resolves: Love seizes on us suddenly without permitting us to reflect: Our Disposition or our Weakness favours the Surprize, and a single Look fixes and determines us of his Party.

How unhappy must that young Lady prove, who has worn such a Mask of Aversion before the World, and at last is overtaken with a Flame, which she fears to confess to her most intimate Companions? I cannot hope by any Description to set this in so clear a Light, as by an Example: I shall therefore conclude this Paper with part of a remarkable Story, which I have met with in *Bruyere*.

In

In *Smyrna*, there liv'd a young Lady of extraordinary Beauty, whose Name was *Emira*; yet not more famous for her Beauty, than the Severity of her Manners: Above all, she profess'd a strange Indifference for Men, whom, as she said, she beheld without Danger, or any other Concern, than what she felt for her female Friends, or her Brothers. She could not believe the thousandth Part of the Follies, which, she was told, Love in all Times had been the Cause of; and those she saw herself, she could not comprehend. Friendship was the only thing she had any Notion of, and That she made the first Experiment of in a young and beautiful Person of her own Sex. She found in her Friendship something so very soft and pleasing, that her only Study was how to preserve it: Never imagining any other Inclination could arise, which should make her less to cherish that Esteem she had conceiv'd for her favourite Friend. Her Discourse was only of the charming *Euphrosina*, (for so was her admir'd Companion call'd,) and their Friendship was talk'd of even to a Proverb in *Smyrna*.

Emira had two Brothers, both so young and handsome, that all the Women in
the

the City were in Love with them; and whom she loved herself as became a Sister. One of the Priests of *Jupiter* had Access to her Father's House, who, ravish'd with her Beauty, ventur'd to declare his Passion to her, but came off only with Scorn and Contempt. An old Man who, relying on his Birth and Estate, had the same Assurance, met with the same Success. She was surrounded by her Brothers, a Priest and an old Man, and could boast herself insensible: But these were not the greatest Tryals Heaven had reserv'd for her: Yet they too had no other Effect than to render her still more vain, and to confirm her in the Reputation of being a Person not to be touch'd with Love.

Of three Lovers, whom her Charms had gain'd her one after another, whose Passions she was not afraid to flight, the first in an amorous Transport stab'd himself at her Feet: The second, in Despair of ever succeeding, went to seek his Death in the Wars of *Crete*: And the third ended his Days in a miserable Languishment and Distraction.

The old Spark, so unfortunate in his Amours, was cur'd at length by reflecting on his Age, and the Character of
the

the Person to whom he made his Addresses. However he was desirous to visit her sometimes, and had her Permission. One Day he carried along with him his Son; a Youth of a most agreeable Aspect, and a noble Mein. She beheld him with a more than ordinary Concern; She saw him afterwards without his Father, and heard him discourse with Wit and Pleasantry: But when he talk'd less of her and her Beauty than she expected, she was surpriz'd and angry that a Man so well made, and of so much Wit, should be so little gallant,

Her Friend had express'd a Desire to see him, and was in Company when *Emira* entertain'd him. 'Twas for *Euphrosina* alone he had Eyes, and her Beauty alone he commended. *Emira*, from being indifferent, became jealous: perceiv'd the Youth was not only capable of Gallantry, but of Tendernefs. From that time she grows reserv'd to her Friend; no longer discerns that Merit which charm'd her before; loses all Relish of her Conversation, and no longer loves her.

The Youth and *Euphrosina* saw one another every Day, lov'd mutually, agreed to marry, and soon after were married.

ried. *Emira* hears of it, and is all enrared; she feels to what height her Passion is grown, and seeks out *Euphrosina* only for the Pleasure of one Sight of the Bridegroom. But the young Husband is still the Passionate Lover, finds in his new Wife all the Charms of a Mistress, and looks on *Emira* but as the Friend of her that's dear to him. This compleats the poor Lady's Misfortune, robs her of her Rest and Sustenance, and brings a Decay upon her Body, and a Distraction on her Mind. She has her Intervals of Reason, but 'tis of Reason she most complains: In this Condition she lies so sad and miserable, that the Youth of *Smyrna*, who had seen her before so arrogant and miserable, think Heaven has punish'd her but too severely.

N^o 41. *Thursday, January 24.*

Interdum Vulgus rectum videt, est ubi peccat.
Hor.

MR. Dryden in his Preface to the *Æneid* has distinguish'd the Readers of Poetry into Three Classes, the lowest

lowest of which he terms *Mobb-Readers*, which including far the greater Number, he very humourously adds, that, *If Virgil and Martial stood for Parliament-Men, he knew already who would carry it.* This Passage worked so strongly upon my Imagination the other Evening, that some Traces of it recurring in my Dream formed themselves into the following *Vision*, which I shall present my Readers with for this Day's Entertainment.

I fancied my self in a very spacious *Hall*, not unlike those where Publick Elections are made, furnish'd with Seats and Benches in the same manner, only, instead of the *King's Picture*, there were beautiful Portraitsures of *Apollo*, the *Nine Muses*, and that other Friend and Inspirer of the Poets, *Bacchus*. I thought it was a Day appointed for the Election of a *Poet Laureat*, and the Candidates were Mr. *Dryden* and Mr. *Quarles*. There never sure was beheld such a Medley Scene of Company, such Differences of Face, Habit, Complexion, and Postures. The greatest Number were of a meagre Aspect, indifferently clad in ragged Suits, and dirty with *Snuff* and *Ink*. These were a very strong Party, I observed, and, as I found afterwards, most of them

them engag'd in *Quarles's* Interest. Some walk'd with their Heads hanging on one side, others stared upwards *like mad Astrologers*, some mused along with a downward Look, like melancholy *Bedlamites*, and among most of that Crew there was much fumbling in Pockets, scratching of Heads, and biting of Nails. In another Quarter of the Hall, there was a Group of Figures crowded together in an attentive Posture, and listening to one of the Fraternity, who was repeating a Copy of Verses in Compliment to the Person who carried the Election, with a blank Space left to insert either of the Names of the Candidates. There was a great Dispute among those of a better Figure, about settling some Preliminary Rules to be observed at the Election; upon which I hasten'd thither, and found the Contention was, Whether the *Criticks* should be allow'd to Vote; The Friends of *Quarles* railed against it with great Vehemence, and said all the contemptuous things their Wit could supply them with in Opposition to the whole Race of *Criticks*. Mr. *Dryden's* Party, on the contrary, urged the Reasonableness of the Proposal with great Humanity and Candour.

And

And thus, while the Matter was depending, one of *Quarles's* Friends stepped out of the Hall, and brought in a ragged Regiment, who deafen'd the whole Court with loud Cries of, *No Critics, No Critics.*

This Point being now yielded, they were proceeding to poll, when a saucy Fellow who seem'd to act in the Quality of a sort of *Under-Sheriff*, spying some Noblemen on the *Bench*, protested against the Presence of *Peers*, who might influence the Election. Upon which all the Persons of Quality rose up, and bowing to Mr. *Dryden* departed the Hall. My L——d R——r look'd back twice or thrice, and said some smart Sentences upon this Occasion, which I am sorry, for my Reader's Sake, that I have forgot. My L——d D——t all the way he went dropp'd his Guinea's very plentifully among the Crowd, not at all regarding who took them up, making what haste he could from the Impertinence of Thanks, and the Trouble of nauseous Civilities. And now Sir *W—— D——t*, being *Cryer of the Court*, ask'd Leave of the Assembly to act by a *Deputy*, which every one who heard him speak very willingly granted.

The

The Poll began, and *Ben Johnson* making up to the Bar pronounc'd in a solemn surly Accent, as if he envied the Candidate the Vote he gave, *I vote for Mr. Dryden.* *Shakespear*, with a negligent Air, and Boldness of Spirit, follow'd him, with a vast Company of *Minor Poets* at his Heels, who pick'd his Pockets all the way he walk'd, with a low thankful Bow, and poll'd for *Mr. Dryden.* *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* walk'd Hand in Hand, the one with a grave and thoughtful, the other with a gay lively Look approached the Bar, and gave their Voices as *Johnson* and *Shakespear* had done before them. Upon these so considerable Votes in his Favour, I observ'd a secret Smile arising in *Mr. Dryden's* Countenance, which he now and then corrected with a scornful Frown upon his Adversary and his Party. He seem'd to think himself sure of the Day, fancying that none could be so foolish, or so hardy, as to dissent from the Judgment of those great Masters and Chiefs in Poetry that had already voted. But he was much mistaken; for, on a sudden, *Heywood*, *Shirly*, *Ogilby*, with a numerous Tribe of Attendants, some dress'd in *Bands*, *Cloaks*, and *Borders*,
E rush'd

rush'd in and poll'd above Fifty running for Mr. *Quarles*. This Turn of the Balance put *Nat. Lee* into such a Passion, that he ran swearing, kicking and cuffing about the *Hall*: He pull'd off *Witber's* precise Band, and tore a Spiritual Poet's Gown of the *Church of England*, the only one in that Habit against Mr. *Dryden*, into a Thousand Pieces. His Fury being somewhat abated by meeting his Friend *Otway*, they went up together and voted for Mr. *Dryden*.

After them came a Crowd of *Mob-Bards*, who offering to poll, it was objected, that they were not qualified; and a great Scuffle arising, they took their Oaths that they were worth *Forty Shillings a-year* on *Parnassus*; but the contrary being proved against them, they were turn'd out of the *Hall* with much Scorn and Laughter. However the Run still continu'd for *Quarles*, he having brib'd the Court to accept of *Fleckno's*, and a Number of bad Votes, on his Side.

The Friends of Mr. *Dryden* began now to look somewhat dispirited, and in despair of carrying their Cause, when Sir *Philip Sidney* appear'd, pulling along with him poor *Spencer*, who had been
beat

beat back twenty times by the Insolence of the Mob; and they voted for Mr. *Dryden*. They were follow'd by Sir *John Suckling*, who, with a gallant Air and gay sparkish Dress, went humming over a favourite Song, which he broke off in the middle when he had got to the Bar, and not knowing before who were the Competitors for the Laurel, he made a short Speech upon the Impudence of *Quarles*, in presuming to stand Candidate, said he always voted for Gentlemen, and bidding the Clerk put him down for Mr. *Dryden*, resum'd his Song, and left the Company. *Milton*, *Cowley*, *Denham*, and *Waller*, all follow'd his Example; but it avail'd nothing, for upon casting up the Books *Quarles* was declar'd *Laureat*, at which the Mob gave a loud Shout, crying out, *A Quarles, A Quarles!* Mr. *Dryden* having so many valuable Votes on his Side seem'd not at all discontented at the Loss of the Election, but rather went away more satisfied than the Conqueror. *Ogilby* brought in the Laurel, and bound it round the Temples of *Quarles*; but, as soon as the sacred Leaves touch'd the Seat of Dullness, they faded and wither'd

away, which was taken as an Omen that *Apollo* did not approve the Choice of the Multitude.

N° 42. *Saturday, January 26.*

Fama novi Fontis nostras pervenit ad aures.
Ovid.

HAVING received a great Number of Letters from several Persons, and not given Place to any of them as yet in my Papers, that they should not think their *Ink* and *Wit* wholly thrown away, I now lay before the Publick an Epistle of very uncommon Contents, which lately came to my Hands. As the Subject of it is very Nice and Delicate, I was obliged to retrench some Parts of it, (a Liberty which I shall always take) for fear the Gravity of my Character should suffer from the Levity of my Correspondents. The Writer of this Letter addresses himself to me in the following Manner.

Venerable

Venerable SIR,

“ I Have lately read a Paper of yours,
 “ which gives a *dreaming* Account of
 “ an *Emaſculating FOUNTAIN*; and
 “ could not but wonder that a Perſon
 “ of your Judgment had not found a
 “ proper Antidote for ſo dangerous a Poy-
 “ ſon. Could you unbrace our Nerves,
 “ deprefs our Spirits, whiten our Com-
 “ plexions, and give a feminine Softneſs
 “ to our Eyes, without telling us which
 “ way to redeem this Degeneracy? All
 “ that you have to ſay for your ſelf, is,
 “ that it was a *Viſion*. But I, *Sir*, who
 “ ſleep not for the Benefit of Mankind,
 “ but juſt enough for my own Health,
 “ have, in my Hours of Watchfulneſs,
 “ found out a more conſiderable Secret
 “ than ever yet was communicated to
 “ the Publick. Don’t think this a *Quack*
 “ *Advertiſement*, that promiſes much, and
 “ performs nothing, but a real and
 “ ſubſtantial Truth. Neither would I
 “ have the late Inventor of the *Virginity*
 “ *Drops* ſo vain as to imagine I ſtole his
 “ Thought; mine being of a different
 “ Nature, and the Subject of many long
 “ *Lucubrations*.

“ You may have heard, Sir, of a *Fountain* in *Italy*, mentioned by some ancient Author, whose Name I wave for fear of the Imputation of Pedantry, in which *Juno*, that notorious handsome Scold, us’d to bath every Year to recover her *Virginity*, and so reconcile her self to her Husband *Jupiter*, at least once a Year, after *Matrimonial Quarrels*. Now the Virtue of this Fountain is entirely lost, I can assure you; having travell’d into *Italy* with a *Widow* in my Company, who long’d for a Tryal of the Experiment. Since that, it has been my whole Study to find out a Water of the same Quality, which at last after a long Search I have met with. You can’t imagine me so lost to my own Profit as to tell you where the *Place* is, but yet I am so generous as to communicate to you the Experiments I have made on my Fountain; as well as a List of Those that, by *Juno*’s Favour, made use of that in *Italy*, which I took from a Manuscript that I found there of undoubted Authority.

“ The first Tryal I made of my *Fountain* was upon a *Chambermaid* at my Neighbour *Squire Josselin*’s; who ha-
ving

“ ving been very free with her was go-
“ ing to marry her to a Farrier, a Te-
“ nant of his: The Girl was about five
“ and thirty, and considering that *Far-*
“ *riers* were a kind of *Doctors*, she thought
“ fit to apply to me for a Method to
“ disguise her Loss, and deceive her
“ Husband: I order’d her to *immerge*
“ two Mornings together in my Foun-
“ tain, and accordingly, to use the
“ Phrase of *Hippocrates*, so she recover’d.
“ My Success with my first Patient,
“ according to the Nature of Females,
“ was soon whisper’d about the Village;
“ and at Twelve a-Clock, five Nights
“ afterwards, I was knock’d out of my
“ Bed by a Lady of Distinction, who
“ was so unhappy as to have had an In-
“ trigue with her Father’s Coachman,
“ and so happy as to be going to be
“ Married to a Nobleman: She talk’d
“ to me in her *Masque*, very patheti-
“ cally, concerning the Breach of her
“ Honour; and, at the same time clap-
“ ping a *Hundred Guineas* into my Hand,
“ desir’d my Advice. After having ta-
“ ken her Oath of Secrecy I sent her
“ to my *Fountain*, and, to disguise the
“ Virtues of it, gave her a few insigni-
“ ficant Pills, to prepare her for the

“ Bed of her Husband. My Design was
 “ well answer’d, and she afterwards told
 “ me, that, to her great Comfort, she
 “ did not sleep a Wink the Night she
 “ was a Bride.

“ This *Lady* soon afterwards went up to
 “ *London*, where she had not been a Week
 “ before she was so kind as to send me
 “ Six Coaches full of Patients: Their
 “ Cases, as they told me, being as com-
 “ mon in that great Town, though
 “ not so fatal, as the *Fever*, *Small-Pox*,
 “ or any other *Epidemical Distemper*.
 “ These *Ladies* I boarded in proper A-
 “ partments, and knowing their Mode-
 “ sty, sent them one after another at due
 “ Seasons for an Immersion in my *Foun-
 “ tain*. They all recover’d, and reward-
 “ ed me very plentifully; and their *Li-
 “ censes* being beforehand taken out, they
 “ were married in a Fortnight after their
 “ Departure. One of them, as she was
 “ going away, with an Additional Fee,
 “ beg’d of me by all means, for my own
 “ Interest, to come up to Town and
 “ practise in the *City*; assuring me at
 “ the same time, that she would recom-
 “ mend all her Acquaintance to me, who
 “ were very numerous.

“ I don’t

“ I don’t know how it came about
 “ that a private Discovery should spread
 “ so far ; but I soon after receiv’d a
 “ Letter from my travelling *Widow*,
 “ who was at near a Hundred Miles di-
 “ stance from my House, wherein, tel-
 “ ling me of my Success with others,
 “ she said, *She had a mind to be a Maid*
 “ *again*; accordingly wou’d be with me
 “ in a short time. She was as good as
 “ her Word, and came ; and, having
 “ an advantageous Offer of marrying a
 “ *Priest*, took my Receipt ; bath’d Four
 “ times, (which was more by Twice than
 “ I ever order’d any other Woman ;)
 “ and went into the *Parson’s Hands* a
 “ True and Good *Virgin*. In this Ex-
 “ periment, I must own, I found it ve-
 “ ry difficult to fit her for the *Church* ;
 “ and, for the future, will never under-
 “ take any Woman that has had Two
 “ Husbands.

“ Soon after this, a Couple of Coun-
 “ try Wenches, who, as they said, had
 “ lost their *Maidenheads* out of a Fro-
 “ lick, after a *May-pole Dance*, came to
 “ me with Half-a-crown apiece in their
 “ Hands ; telling me they had been ask’d
 “ Twice in the *Church*, and that if I did
 “ not make them Virgins against next

“ day, they were undone. I, upon hear-
“ ing their Story, return'd 'em their
“ Money, gave them Directions to re-
“ pair to the Fountain, and all would
“ be right. The young Jades titter'd
“ in my Face, said they had dabbled
“ there Twenty times, before they were
“ under these Circumstances, and got
“ nothing but a Cold or an Ague by it.
“ However, upon my grave Admoniti-
“ ons, they consented to get up before
“ Day, and try the Experiment toge-
“ ther. When they came to put Mat-
“ ters to the Tryal, they unluckily met
“ with Sir *William Whistlewell's* Lady,
“ whose Husband died but the Night
“ before, naked, and going to immerge.
“ At which, knowing her Quality, they
“ ran away in a Fright, and deferr'd
“ their Cure 'till Mid-night; when they
“ both came, and were recover'd, to the
“ full Satisfaction of *Thomas L——* and
“ *Roger B——*.

“ These, Sir, are but a few of the
“ Experiments that I have made; and
“ fearing lest I should take up too much
“ of your Time, I defer the rest till a
“ further Opportunity; and will then
“ communicate them to you, with the
“ List of those that made use of *Juno's*
“ Foun-

“ *Fountain*, which I promis’d you in
 “ the Beginning of my Letter. In the
 “ mean time

I am Yours,

PHILO-PARTHENUS.

I don’t know very well what to make of my Correspondent’s Letter; but must needs own, I wish it had been my good Fortune to purchase the Estate where this wonderful *Fountain* flows. I am sure that the Proprietor needs no other Ways or Means to raise a Fortune as large as he pleases. *Montpelier, Tunbridge, Bath*, are nothing to this; and therefore I desire him in his next to acquaint me, what Accommodation he has provided for those prodigious Numbers that will flock to him betwixt this and *May*.

N^o 43. *Tuesday, January 29.*

Nuper me cujusdam amici Languor admonuit, optimos esse nos dum infirmis sumus. Plin.

IT is not either in the Power of Reading or Reflection to work those Effects.

fects in Moral Life, which Nature very often does by kind Admonitions from the Infirmities of the Body. *Health* inspires us with Ten thousand Gaieties of Thought, gives a lively Turn to our Animal Spirits, and dances us about in a Circle of Folly or Pleasure, without reflecting where we began, or how we shall conclude. But an uneasie Bed, a painful Night, a nearer Prospect of Change, alters the whole Model of our Minds, reduces our Extravagancies to plain Sense, our Wit to a Soberness of Thinking, our Reason to the Regulation of Religion. We see it every Day in the most uninform'd as well as most refin'd Understanding, that these little Turns in our Constitution make great Improvements in our Superior Faculties. It is not that the Persons affected had not a general or habitual Notion of those things which they then begin to look at with a more piercing Eye, but that the Objects were either remov'd at too great a Distance, or blinded by the Interposition of some others which were more taking to the Sight.

I my self have known a pretended *Atheist* walk over a *Church-yard* trembling under a Stick, who before used to make

it his Diversion to drink his *Moon-light Bottle*, upon a *Tombstone*. A drunken Clown, who has been debauch'd by a neighbouring *Freethinking* Landlord, has spoke as fine and just Things in the Day of his Adversity, as *Cardinal Woolsey* did, when he said, *Had I serv'd my God as faithfully as I have done my King, he would not have left me thus in my Old Age.* Such Reflections as these are not extorted by the Subtilty of a Priest, but the Dictates of honest Nature, which, when she is once left to her self, disencumbred from Form, Vanity, and Imposition, finds her Way to Truth in a plain and easie Road. Information is little and mean at this time, acquir'd Arguments neither touch nor affect, the Conviction arises from within, and thus a sick Man is a more pathetical Orator than *Tully* or *Demosthenes*. Let any Man that seems unconvinc'd at this, only observe in those Authors that copy Nature the nearest, how much more extraordinarily he is mov'd by the Expressions of *afflicted* and *dying* Persons, than by any the brightest Sentiments arising from other Incidents.

The Occasion of this cannot proceed from what Criticks call a *Sympathy of Distress*, because miserable Objects, from

an Impropriety of Sentiments adapted to their Condition, may as well produce Laughter as Pity, Admiration, or any other Passion. Whenever you see any thing of that sort, as you may do in many Authors, it requires but little Judgment to know where to lay the Blame: It is the Writer, not the Person represented, who diverts you with Folly at the Hour of Death, and places Wit where Nature ought only to reign.

This is the Reason why after a seeming Preparation for Grief and Sorrow, we often sit with *dry Eyes* in the Theatre at some *Tragedies*, the Poet either going contrary or beyond *Nature*; for a Transgression on either hand must certainly offend. Whereas, if People would draw from Circumstances as they happen, without Regard to Paint, or superficial Beauties; if they did not please us by their Expressions, yet their Thoughts, as being Copies of what we have felt in our own Bosoms, must necessarily affect us.

I perceive that I have run into a Digression from the Subject propos'd, but these Reflections seem so nearly to relate to it, that I could not help falling into them. Instances are the most apt to make Impressions, and if mine are not
very

very exact, they may perhaps serve to raise Idea's in the Reader's Minds, which they will easily apply to the first Notions of this Essay, which was, *That a Course of Sickneſs, is a Courſe of Philoſophy*, and teaches us more than many Years of ſevere Study, or mirthful Gallantry. The younger *Pliny*, whom I have choſe to ſtand at the Head of this Paper, has wrote a very excellent Epistle to a Friend of his on this Occaſion, which I cannot forbear giving the World in a free *Engliſh* Tranſlation.

Pliny to Maximus.

“ **T**HE Sickneſs of a Friend of mine
“ has convinc'd *me*, that we are
“ the *beſt Men*, when we are out of Or-
“ der. For what Sick Man is troubled
“ either with the Carkings of Avarice,
“ or the Sollicitations or lewd Appe-
“ tites? That Man is no Slave to the
“ Paſſion of *Love*, none to the Allure-
“ ments of *Ambition*; he deſpiſes Wealth,
“ and how much or little ſoever he is
“ poſſeſs'd of, is the ſame contented Man
“ with that ſingle Thought of leaving
“ it behind him: Then it is he remem-
“ bers that there are *Gods*, then it is he
“ remembers he is but a *Man*. He envies
“ no

“ no One, admires no One, despises no
“ One; and is so lost to humane Pas-
“ sions, that he neither attends to *Flat-*
“ *tery*, or regards *Scandal*. All his
“ Thoughts are turn’d on salutary Baths,
“ and cooling Fountains. This is the
“ height of his Wishes, the utmost of
“ his Ambition. Then it is, that he
“ lays Schemes, if he happens to reco-
“ ver, of a future regular Conduct; to
“ have his Pleasures and Studies well
“ corrected, his Body kept in due Tem-
“ perance, that is, to lead an innocent
“ and a happy Life. In this View I
“ can lay You and My self down a short
“ Maxim, which the Philosophers en-
“ deavour to teach in many Words and
“ many Volumes, *That we ought to live*
“ *and continue to be such sort of Men in the*
“ *fullness of Health, as we promise our*
“ *selves to become in the Weakness of*
“ *Sickness.*

I have used some Liberty in the Trans-
lation of this Elegant Epistle, which the
Learned will easily discover upon a Com-
parison, and so to put the *English* Reader
upon an Equality with them, I shall give
him a Thought from One of our own
Countrymen, who carries the Matter
further,

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further, from the point of Sickness to the point of Death. It is an *Apostrophe* of the celebrated Sir *Walter Rawleigh* to Death it self, and a finer perhaps than in any Ancient or Modern Author.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, Thou hast perswaded; what none have dar'd, Thou hast done; and whom all the World hath flatter'd, Thou only hast cast out of the World and despis'd: Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretch'd Greatness, all the Pride, Cruelty, and Ambition of Man, and cover'd it all over with these Two narrow Words, *Hic Facet.*

N^o 44. *Thursday, January 31.*

Ut varias Usus Meditando extunderet Artes.
Virgil.

CUriosity is the Mother of all Arts and Sciences; it is That which first starts new Hints of Improvement, and engages the Mind in the Pursuit: sometimes quickning it with the Prospects of Fame, at other times tempting the Passions

sions with the more alluring Bait of Reward. Were it not for one or other of these Spurs to the Intellects of Man, Invention would languish, Arts decay, and the Thoughts, being satisfied with a superficial View of Things, extend themselves no farther than a Survey of the present Objects. But the Soul being stirred and awakened by the Motives I have mentioned, is ever busying it self in Tryals of its Strength and Powers, and stretching forward upon the Scent of new Discoveries. The Men of this Turn of Mind meet with very different Fates: Thus an obstinate and barren Genius shall drudge on half a Century, and at last bring forth nothing but the Fruits of a long-studied Folly, to expose it self to Laughter and Contempt. Another of a quick but desultory Thought rests contented with an imperfect Birth, which he leaves to the Cultivation of more painful Hands; and a third, still more happy, shall both discover, and compleatly finish some new and wonderful Scheme of Science.

It is now Time for to give some Instances, after this grave Introduction, which my *Box of new Inventions in Philosophy* supplies me with on this Occasion.

The

The First the *Ladies* and the *Beaus* ought to thank me for, if from my Hints they ever venture upon the Experiment: They are to understand then that a *Græcian old Woman*, who was more in Reputation at *Constantinople*, than any of our *Nurses* and *Doctors* are in *London*, has found out a Method of *engrafting* or *transplanting* the *Small-Pox*. I fancy now that I see my lovely Female Readers startled at the very naming that *Enemy to Beauty*; and yet, if they will but have a *Woman's Patience*, I hope to make them easy before I have done. If this Promise will not do, let them fling aside my Paper, 'till a Fit of *Curiosity* (which I am sure will not be long) returns upon them, and then see if I am not as good as my Word.

Suppose then a *Lady* had a mind to have that troublesome Distemper (which as the Learned Dr. *L———r* observes, is sometimes the Cause of the worst of all Curses, *Barrenness*;) well over with her, without being at all sick, or disorder'd, or what is more to the purpose with those who can better bear *Pain* than *Deformity*, without any Diminution of her Charms: In this Case, the *skillful Transplanter* has nothing else to do but to travel about the Town to find out a
Kind

Kind and Safe sort of Small-Pox, which he with great Facility inoculates upon his Patient: where they shall sprout forth, flourish, and decay, as naturally as a well-ingrafted Branch, without the least Symptom of Pain or Danger. This Course, says my Learned Correspondent, is so Certain and Safe, that an Eminent Physician, who has undertaken the Practice of it, has drawn up a Table of Fees in Proportion to the Quality of the Patients he is concern'd with, and which with his Leave I communicate to the Public.

For a Nobleman married two } 500 l.
Years, or his Heir, }

N. B. *His Lady, if he pleases, at half that Price.*

A Toast of One Year's standing only, 200 l.

A Beau just arriv'd at his Estate, with his Coachman or his Mistress into the Bargain, } 600 l.

The only Son of an Alderman, Dog-cheap, at an Annuity of } 200 l. per Annum.

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A Knight, 'Squire, middle }
Citizen, or their Children, } 40 l.
per Head,

A Widow designing a second }
Marriage, if well-join- } 100 l.
tur'd, not a Farthing un- }
der,

Dignitaries of the Church, (if }
of my Party) at } 5 l.

N. B. *I undertake no others in Black.*

Officers of the Army, if the } *At Three*
Small-Pox only, accor- } *Weeks*
ding to their Stations, } *Pay.*

Lawyers, Judges, and Serjeants, at 50 l.

Attorneys and Sollicitors, &c. } 3 l.
from Thirty to }

N. B. *Trust not one of the last Class.*

This is the rough Scheme of the *Do-
ctor's Table of Fees*, the rest he complains
cannot be reduc'd to any regular Stan-
dard, and he must therefore proportion
them according to their present Fortune,
or future Expectations. As for Example,
He makes a very considerable Difference
between a *Woman* with a Single Lover,
and another with *Half-a-dozen*; and
knows

knows not what Price to set upon one whom *half the Town admires*. The like Distinction is to be observ'd in Families, in the Case of a *Mother's Favourite*, and an ordinary Child. The same Difficulties made him omit *Courtiers* in his Catalogue, who are not to be dealt with like other Men, or tied down to a certain Rule of *Payment*; some, as he observes, being able to *pay* him by raising his Reputation, and others to quit the Score by preferring his Friends and Relations. Old *Women* and *Prudes* are designedly left out, because, as he says, the Juices of their Bodies are so vitiated and sower'd, the first with Age, the second with Envy, that their Blood will not bear any kind of *Inoculation*. It is for much the same Reason that *Fifth-Widows*, *Bona Roba's*, and *Play-house Beauties*, are to despair of the *transplanting* Virtue's taking any notable Effect in their Constitutions; some of them from too great an Humidity, others from an irre-cruitable Diminution of the Animal Spirits.

This, I think, is a fair and candid Warning of the *Doctor's*, whom I should now take Leave of, to introduce another late Discovery, equally extraordinary, in the
Ve-

Vegetable World; but I find my Time and Paper oblige me to defer it. And I have but just Room to acquaint the World, That this *Physician* has taken a large House with convenient Accommodations for his Patients, which he designs to entitle (for a House without a *Motto* is not worth a Farthing;) The *Insurance-Office* for the *Small-Pox*.

N^o 45. *Saturday, February 2.*

—*Procul à nostris rebus, semotaque longè.*
Lucre.

The INCURIUS.

THIS is a *Species* of Mortals common enough among us, and which differ as much from each other as they do from the rest of Mankind, and yet are not very well distinguish'd by those Writers who have made it their Business to draw *Characters*. The first that I shall mention is the *totally Incurious*, a supine indolent Animal, that looks upon the World as if he were no Part of it

it himself, obliged to no Duties of social Life, and passes through it, like a negligent Traveller, without being able to give you an Account of any one Particular he has observ'd in his Journey. If you endeavour to put him in Mind of any past Action, he shews by his Silence that he has forgot it: If you mention any thing new, his Unconcernedness seems to declare that it does not relate to him; and lastly, if you speak of future Probabilities, he either wholly disregards, or laughs at your Conjectures: Narratives of all kinds of Facts or Accidents, have the same Influence upon his Mind; the News of a dead *Relation*, and the *Quarrel of a Couple of Porters*, is receiv'd with the same Equality of Temper, and stupid Calmness of Passion. 'Tis nothing to him who rises, or who falls; whom Indigence pinches, or whom Prosperity fattens; who is miserable for Honesty, or who is great by Villany. All the Scenes of other Men's Lives skim before his Eyes like so many gliding Shadows; which if he could lay hold on he would not, and hardly condescends to give them a Look as they are passing, even for his own Amusement.

Such

Such is the Internal Frame of his Mind, and his External Actions are agreeable to it, equally indifferent to any thing that offers, and done without any End or Design. It is the same thing to him whether he goes to a *Play*, or a *Funeral*; to a *Ball*, or a *Puppet-Show*; to a *Church*, or a *Tavern*. He is indeed generally averse to publick *Spectacles* of all kinds; and in some Fits of Indolence would not stir from his Chair to behold the *Entry of an Ambassador*, tho' he could see it with no more Pains than going to the Window. Whatever happens to be a Favourite to other People, is sure to be his Aversion. The Ladies *Lap-Dogs*, *Parrots*, and *Monkeys*, the Men's fine *Horses*, *Furniture*, and *Equipage*, are *Sights*, that if it were possible to get the Better of his unconquerable Inclination to Ease, would give him the Spleen: If his *Footman* ask him in a Morning what Cloaths he'll wear that Day? His Reply is, What you will, *John*; and thus goes out dress'd according to his Man's Humour, and not his own: And so, as it happens, is sometimes affronted for appearing in *Black* on a *Rejoycing Day*, or laugh'd at for being *Gay* at a Time of *Humiliation*. He

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never

never knows where he is to dine, or how he shall spend the Day; and chops upon Company, without any Consideration of their Quality or Humour; where he sits with the same compos'd Serenity, in the midst of the gayest Wit, or the heaviest Dullness; and rises when the Company rise, never making any Exception either to *them* or the *Reckoning*. He thinks himself the happiest Man in the World, when he meets with a Sett of *Silent Smoakers*, and if ever he speaks much, it is in the Praise of *Tobacco*.

And yet this *INCURIOUS* has very often accidental Hours of Uneasiness, as he cannot help hearing Noise, when 'tis impossible to avoid it; or sweating under the Tediousness of a good-natur'd Story-teller, who is continually pulling him by the Sleeve for his Attention, and drawing him from his belov'd Tranquility. A Woman, who has the Natural Loquacity of her Sex, may ruffle the Smoothness of his Temper, with Abundance of good impertinent Sense: Tho' without being able to raise it to that Height which produces Passion in Men of other Complexions. Fearful of these common Civilities, which arise

rise from the Intercourse of Mankind one with the other, he shuns the Stage of Business, the Notices of Eyes that may claim a troublesome Acquaintance, and often hides himself in an unthinking Solitude. This kind of independant unsocial Animal is the totally *INCURI-
OUS*.

You will find, upon a strict Survey, that there are Characters in the World subordinate to this, who have as much Aversion to some Particulars, as this Man has to the general Negotiations of Life. The very Name of *Learning* frightens some Persons out of Company; and others turn a deaf Ear to all *News*, and *Politicks*. And yet these very Persons shall be as unequally curious in other things, of which they are as little Judges. Some are ever getting *Money*, and neglecting *their Dress*; others always critical in their *Dress*, and running into *Debt*: So that there is not in all the Mixtures, you will meet with in Conversation, one Man in whom you will not find something of the *Incurious*. The slovenly *Learned*, the odd-dress'd *Beauty*, the witty *Stock-jobber*, and the *Greek States-man* are Characters which might deserve here a particular Consideration:

But I wave These, with many Others, to make some Reflections upon the first Class of indolent Persons, whom I so largely describ'd at the Beginning of this Paper.

If we view the totally *Incurious* in a true Light, as he answers no Offices of Life, nor the End of his Existence, he ought to be reckon'd as an insignificant *Cypher*, without any Relation to a preceding Number. He eats, drinks, and sleeps indeed, as the rest of his *Species* do; but he neither eats to give Strength to his Constitution to defend his Country; nor drinks for the Improvement, or Diversion of his Friend; nor recruits his Spirits by Sleep to rise for the Benefit of any one besides himself; therefore ought to be look'd upon in the Eyes of his Fellow-Creatures as a *moving Machine*, or a *walking Vegetable*. It is a reasonable Excuse for great Parts and Talents hid in Obscurity, that there are Impediments in their Way which obstruct their being exerted to Advantage, since tho' they cannot shine in a great Sphere, they have Influence in a little one; but for a Creature of the same Figure by Nature, the same Dignity by Reason, to appear as if he did not belong to us, and stand

as a Supernumerary in the Creation, is the highest Affront both to *God* and to *Man*. Constitution and Accident sometimes make *Fools* and *Ideots*, but he that has neither to blame, and is of as little Consequence as the one or the other, is both that *Fool* and *Ideot* without provoking our Pity, or our Laughter. I wish this Admonition may awaken that sleepy Part of Mankind, who live like *Epicurus's* Gods, with a Carelessness of all that is about, above, or beneath them; and give them a Sense that they owe much to their Being as Men, something as Relatives to particular Parcels of Mankind, and much more to the general Good of their Country, which last shews too great a Tenderness in suffering them to slumber on in a base Inactivity of Body and Spirit: If any thing could startle this sort of Cattle, I should propose something less than a *Law* which was once in Agitation among a Mighty and Virtuous People, that, As *Every Person, who is useful in a Common-wealth, is paid either by a publick Salary, or his own Diligence for the Discharge of his Duty, the Soldier for his Watchfulness, the Civil Officer for his Attendance, the Dispensers of Humane and Divine Laws for*

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their

their Usefulness in their Callings; so every Idle, Lazy, Incurious Person should be fin'd in Proportion to those unemploy'd Hours, which the rest of their Countrymen make Use of to support the Dignity of their Religion, the Observance of their Laws, the Preservation of their Country.

N.B. The Letter concerning forced and unequal Marriages is receiv'd, and the CENSOR promises an *Essay* on that Subject very soon.

N^o 46. Tuesday, February 5.

*Tres mihi Conviva propè dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato;
Quid dem? Quid non dem? renuis Tu, quod jubet Alter;
Quod petis, id sanè est irrisum acidumque Duobus.*

Hor.

OF all the Difficulties, under which Authors must certainly labour, there is no One so great as the Impossibility of pleasing all Tastes: Innumerable Objections arise from the Subject, Method, or Stile; besides the too common Cause for Dislike, either a private Prejudice to the Writer, or a general Dislike to his Undertaking: Nature likewise sometimes works to the Detriment of an Author, by an uncertain Fluctuation

tion of Humour which influences his Reader to disapprove That, which would infallibly give him Satisfaction at another Time.

Tho' I have no Occasion, for my own Part, to complain of the Indulgence of the Publick, I can but take Notice that those contracted Essays, like Mine, which can take in but one Subject at a time, are the most liable to this Disadvantage: There may run thro' 'em a Vein of *Humour*, *Spirit*, and *Learning*, and yet these necessary Qualifications united fail of pleasing, from a particular Caprice or Expectation of meeting with That, which possibly requires a Turn of Thought peculiar to some Circumstances of the Person who requires it: I could exemplify this Matter by a Croud of Instances, which would affront those who love to owe them to their own Penetration; but shall subjoin a few in Compliment to such as want this Vehicle to assist their Intelligence. *Amarillis*, whose Thoughts and Inclinations run on *purling Streams*, *cool Grotto's*, and *shady Vallies*, can never relish my *Lucubrations*, except I step out of the Road of publick Life, to accompany her into her admir'd *Recesses*, and the *Romantick*

Description of a *Sylvan Scene*. *Flavia*, whose whole Time is employ'd in one continued Circle of Visits and Foppery, is impatient for me to handle the Diversions of the *Mall*, the *Ring* and the *Drawing-room*; is in Raptures at the mentioning of *Silver Lamps*, *Wax-lights*, and *Mattadors*; and is more concern'd at the Disappointment of an *Assembly*, than if her most intimate Friend were taken ill of a Fever. *Chloris*, who is a Prude, is only fond of *Scandal*, the *blowing up* of *Gallantries*, and the Secrets of the *Hoop-Petticoat*: While *Mirtilla*, whose Sentiments are more refin'd and tender, languishes with Pleasure o'er a *Lover's Sighs*, and sinks into an agreeable Sympathy of *Chagrin* upon reading the *Distresses* of an *enamour'd Swain*. I have the same Variety of Taste among the Male Part of my Readers, whose Sentiments and Passions are so abstracted as to relish nothing but what strikes in with them. *Lucius*, who is of a Rakeish and Rattling Disposition, dives into my Papers for *wanton Images* and double *Entendre's*; and supplies his Conversation with the Discovery of the *Fountain* which could restore lost *Virginity*. The sedate *Varro*, who cannot so well bear a Mixture of
light

light Humour, is pleas'd when my Disertations are *Grave* and *Moral*, and tend either to the Promotion of Virtue or Discountenance of Vice. *Clodius*, whose Views are all to the Tragedy he is at this Time attempting, is peculiarly solicitous for Essays in *Critic*, and the Establishment of Rules which he may construe to the Advantage of his own Performance. *Metellus*, whose Head is turn'd neither for Libertinism, Morality, nor Critic, but wholly engag'd in *Politics*, skims over my Paper with a superficial Eagerness, to find if it be diversify'd with *Church*, *State*, *Liberty*, *Patriot*, or *Treason*.

I have nothing to object to these abstracted Readers, whom but one particular Subject can divert, in Comparison to those others whom no Variety can oblige, nor no single Topick engage with Satisfaction. This general Dislike is not owing to a Vice of Taste, or Judgment, but a Depravity of Nature, which can be pleas'd with nothing in Another, and a Partiality of Conceit which is indulgent only to its self. Monsieur *Bruyere* has with much Justness describ'd this Species of Malecontents. "Men, says
"he, have much ado to like one ano-

“ ther; have but a weak Inclination to
“ approve reciprocally of the Actions,
“ Conduct, Thoughts, and Expressions
“ of others; nothing pleases, nothing
“ contents; they substitute in the place of
“ what others either recite, speak or
“ write, what they should have done in
“ such a Conjunction, what they think or
“ have written on such a Subject; and are
“ so full of their own Idea's, that they
“ have no Room for Another's

It would be very happy for us, whose Business it is to beget an Understanding, if we could fix a *Taste* upon our Readers, as *Physicians* can procure a *Stomach*; or, at least, that we could bring them to a proper *Digestion*: But we are all at a loss, what Provision to make; and then how to dispose the Banquet provided.

I have heard of a Gentleman, who, inviting a large Company, furnish'd out his Table with all the Rarities in Season; and, lest the Nicety of his Guests should not be able to satisfy it self from the Variety of his Provision, had an *Oglio* compos'd of every Dish of Meat which found a place at his Board: Authors, 'tis to be consider'd, have not the same Fund, nor the same Liberty for
their

their Entertainments: Some Subjects are not in their Power to cook up, and others too laborious and expensive to think of. A prudent Writer must then consult the Strength of his *Genius*, as a prudent House-keeper should the Strength of his *Purse* and *Income*; and, where he is distrustful of pleasing every Palate, contrive how to satisfy the greater Part of his Guests, or those whose Tastes and Stomachs are the least debauch'd. A candid Reader, on the contrary, where every Subject is not season'd to his Appetite, may hand down the Dish to another that calls for it, and reserve his Stomach for something he likes better.

I have had it in my Thoughts more than once, in Compliance to the Squeamishness of the Age, to divide my Dissertations under the Three Heads of *Butcher's-Meat*, *Wild Fowl*, and *Whipt-Cream*. The first Class should have compriz'd those Subjects of *Solidity*, which are too *gross* and *substantial* for the *Delicatsse* of *Beaus*, or *Depravity* of *Libertines*. I am afraid Morality as well as Religion, must have been rang'd under this Part of the Entertainment, as too *hard of Digestion* either for their *weak* or *sickly Stomachs*. The *Wild-Fowl* should
have

have taken in every Extravagance either of Character or Invention; the Flights of *Virtuoso's*, and Dissertations on the *Longitude*, would have put in their Claim under this Head. And the *Whipt-Cream* should have comprehended all Letters and Topicks of that light Nature, as should only tickle the Palate, without contributing to Sustenance or Nourishment: Quotations from *Modern Poetry* would have furnish'd out no small Part of this *Desert*.

By this Method my Readers would have had their *Bill of Fare* at a single View, and known beforehand whether the Diet were suitable to their Appetite: But I consider'd it would have been a Means of encouraging Luxury, and forcing several on the Refusal of my Provision, by a Distrust of their Stomachs, or Mistake of their Constitutions. There was this Danger likewise in the Project, of making them angry, if ever, like *Montaigne*, I had taken the Liberty of prefixing a Title to my Essays, and made every Sentence foreign to the Theme propos'd.

Thursday,

N^o 47. *Thursday, February 7.*

Sed Tamen————

Horace.

I Have chosen two as mischievous *Words* to discourse upon as ever were put together; either of them being sufficient to destroy the honestest Man in the World, blemish the most spotless Character, and bring a Charge of *Herefy* upon a stanch *Believer*, or a whole Family of *Children* upon an innocent *Virgin*. After any Relation in Favour of the *Absent*, let a single *But* be started, and fairly let loose among the Company, good Humour immediately languishes, Scandal takes Place, Mirth turns into Spleen, and a Train of *Buts* make the whole Company stare upon one another with Fear and Wonder. What was before spritely Conversation, and an agreeable Entertainment for Men of Reason, is then dwindled into such insipid ill Sentences, as only serve to link one Piece of Defamation to another, and compleat the Chain of which the first *But* began. It
is

is then that People hear such idle Stuff, as, *Ay! say you so? why truly* Ned. Tat-
tle *was saying as much the other Night at* the ROSE; the next *Wiseacre* replies
he could not have believ'd it, BUT my
Lord Vainlove confirmed it to him; and
then a *Third* strikes kindly in with an
HOWEVER a Man who could be guilty
of such a thing, (which is a new Calumny)
might well do so and so.

Now is not this an elegant Discourse
for a parcel of fine Gentlemen, all intro-
duced by that malignant Particle *But*?
How ridiculous does this Conversation
look in Print, which is attended to with
the deepest Attention, in half the *Clubs*
and Societies that meet every Day in the
Week? Or how comes it to pass, that
we have *Sense* enough to abhor such bar-
barous Incivilities when alone, and *Folly*
enough to suck them in with Greediness
in Company? Is our Candor and good
Breeding only *Local*, and do we leave
them at Home every time we go Abroad,
as an unfashionable Wear in Conversati-
on? Or is *But* as infectious as the *Plague*,
and as soon conveyed from one Mouth
to another, to the Corruption of our
Speech and our Honour? For my part,
I can't find why an *However* should as
con-

constantly follow a *But*, as one Horse does another in a Team: neither do I see any Reason, why that impudent *Particle* should always get the Start of its impertinent Attendant, and be the Leader in all wicked Scandal. It puts me in mind of that whimsical Thought in *Shakespeare*, where *Cassius* is making a Comparison between the Names of *Cæsar* and *Brutus*; weigh them, *However* is as weighty as *But*; print them, it is as foul; conjure with them, and one will raise the Devil as surely as the other. I forbear being too critical in this Case, reserving to the latter End of my Paper, the Regulation of these *Words*, and must now consider their terrible Impertinence in Conversation.

The *Ladies* must pardon me, if I take the *But's* out of their Mouths, to shew them with what ridiculous Frequency they apply them. If some Women were restrained from the Use of them for that space of Time, they would be meer *Mutes* for a Month together. The Assemblies of the *Belles*, and the *Visiting Days* engross whole Strings of them; and those *Buts* that have not the Liberty of flying about among the whole Company, are conveyed in a Whisper from *Ear* to *Ear*,

Ear, which is plainly seen in the malicious pleasing Sneer, that hangs upon the Face of the pretty *Listeners*. There is the charming Lady *Modish*, who is the greatest Admirer of this exceptive Particle, has as certainly a *But* ready to clap in upon every Story of *Praise*, as *Ralpho* in *Hudibras* had a *why* for a *wherefore*. Lady *Constant* was commending the Shape of *Belinda* the other Day, *Ay! that is true*, replies Madam, *BUT* that will soon be spoil'd, for between Friends, my Lord *Easy* is very well with Her; *HOWEVER* this Spring will discover all, and open that *Affair*.

It happens sometimes with your *Religious Females* that *BUT* is forced to keep behind for a sanctifying Preface to introduce it, and make the Scandal more weighty and impressive. As thus I lately overheard a grave Matron preingaging Attention——“ A *Body must have* very
 “ little Sense to believe every Story that
 “ is told, and so, for my part, I always
 “ stand upon my Guard in Cases of that
 “ kind, and abhor the idle Prattle of the
 “ Town:——*But* this I can assure you,
 “ the *Person* you spoke of has had *two*
 “ *Children* by Sir *William Dolt*. This is much the same Management as *Horace*
 com-

complains was made use of in his time:
 “ Such a one and I have been intimate
 “ from our Childhood, and he is really
 “ a worthy honest Gentleman; *But I*
 “ wonder how he got off that ugly Bu-
 “ siness;—You know my Meaning.”

These *But-Men*, the Satyrist tells us, are the most dangerous of all Animals, the very Pest of Conversation, and ought to be hunted out from the Society of Mankind, or avoided, as a Man would Ruin or Death. These Creatures dress out a fair Character only for the malicious Pleasure of pulling it to pieces again, and convey their Poison immediately after a Cordial.

The Regulation of Manners I take to be a considerable Part of my *Office*, and, since I have opened this Wound, I am obliged to apply a proper Remedy. Give me leave then to lay down a few Rules, which, if well observed, will quickly put an End to this vicious Practice, that tends so much to the Corruption of our own Morals, and the Abuse of our Neighbour.

Whenever a Defamatory *But* is mention'd, by a Gentleman to a Lady, she is to turn her Head aside, frown, bite her
 Lips,

Lips, tear her *Fan*, and rustle out of the Room in the middle of the Story.

If a *But* and an *However* come together, it is to be look'd upon as a *Chain'd-Shot* that does *double Execution*, and is therefore to be run away from with the first *Pop*; and the Person to be look'd upon, for the future, as a profess'd Foe to good Breeding.

When a *Lady* uses these Words to another, the Second is to stop the Tale, and threaten her, if she proceeds, that she will send word of it to the CENSOR. And here I desire the Sex to take notice, That I shall have a *Spy* in Company in all their *Assemblies*; and neither Fear, nor Affection shall sway me from publishing all Accounts transmitted to me on this Article.

A *But*, when spoken of an absent Man, is to be resented by any Friend or Acquaintance of the Person, and is a sufficient Foundation, if not recanted, for a *Challenge*.

The full Use and Liberty of both these Particles is to be allow'd to all *Writers of News*, as being the only Method of restraining them from telling positive *Lyes*, which they are too apt to do, notwithstanding this *Indulgence*. All *Cour-*
tiers

tiers likewise ought to be connived at in this Practice, as being absolutely necessary Helps in their *Promises*, as well as in the Variety of Relations which impertinent Friends commonly extort from them.

And in the last Place, I desire every Body to set a Mark of Distinction on this Set of People, and call them, by Virtue of my Authority, *But-Men*.

N^o 48. *Saturday, February 9.*

Philosophi sciunt absque pecuniâ vivere non posse: Itaque petunt eos, qui quod opus est dare possunt. Quod si divites æquè intelligerent se egere Sapientiâ, multò magis tererent Philosophorum Limina. Miserior enim est Egestas Animi quam Corporis, atque hâc miserius egeni sunt Divites, quod non intelligant, quàm pretiosâ, quàmque Necessariâ, Re careant.

Erasm.

I Last Night receiv'd Two Packets from several Hands, whose Contents I judg'd worthy of the Publick Regard, and therefore I shall give them a Place in this Paper, with my Remarks subjoin'd,
as

as my Correspondents have desir'd me. The first is from a very prudent Female, whose Care for her Children has interested her in an Affair which ought to concern all who either *are*, or *may be* Fathers.

To the CENSOR.

Worthy Sir,

“ Fate and my Birth plac'd me in a
 “ Middle Station of Life; the
 “ Thrift and good Fòrtune of a Hus-
 “ band have rais'd me above that Qua-
 “ lity. His Wealth and Kindness both
 “ contribute to make me happy; but
 “ his own Want of Letters, and his
 “ Neglect of them in the Education of
 “ his Children, have drawn some secret
 “ Tears from my Eyes. Your Papers
 “ are always produc'd to us with the
 “ *Tea Table* in a Morning; pray, take
 “ this Subject into your Consideration:
 “ Let him know from you, that there
 “ are other Improvements he owes to
 “ his Sons, besides teaching them to be-
 “ have well in Company; or training
 “ them up to the Knowledge of gentile
 “ Expences. From such a Lesson, you
 “ will

“ will have the Prayers of many indul-
 “ gent Mothers, and particularly of

Your Admirer,

MIRANDA LOVE-WIT.

I doubt not but this Lady has often expostulated the Case with her *indolent* Spouse, and made the *Education* of her *Children* the Subject of those Lectures, which more unprofitable Wives make on the *Want* of a *Silk Manteau* for their *Eldest Daughter*, or a *Sword* and *long Wig* for the *Heir* of the *Family*. I could wish my Country were supplied with a Number of such wise She-Monitors, and should then hope to see a Posterity in the Land truly deserving to inherit.

Acquisitions of *Knowledge* are much more estimable than those of *Fortune*; Riches indeed are generally the Keys which open the Door of Temporal Advantages, and set wide the Avenues to Respect and Preferment: But with how much more Grandeur do *Men of Parts* fill up the Offices of Dignity, with how much more Veneration are they gaz'd at, than those *empty Figures* who owe their Rise to the *Spaciousness* of their *Acres*; and have no other Merit to re-
 com-

commend them to the World, than the Treasures which their Ancestors have amassed to make them considerable! I always view these gay 'Things as *Rattles* in the Hand of *Fortune*, which she throws by with Contempt whenever she grows fond of a better *Play-thing*. Without the Addition of Litterature and Intellectual Improvements, we are like the Fellows, whom *Horace* speaks of, who seem *born only to consume the Fruits of the Earth*. Can we think we are scituated in a plentiful Universe, endow'd with Understanding and Rational Faculties, and that the Creator meant these Powers of the Soul only to refine on Sense, and abett the fordid Views of Appetite? Are we blest'd with Ease of Circumstance to provide alone for our Pleasures, and are Capacities given us along with this Affluence only to furnish us more compleatly for Folly? I have look'd with Pleasure on the noble and beneficial Discoveries, that have been made by Persons who have added the Reputation of *Letters* to the Lustre of an *ample Fortune*; and have mourn'd the Advantages which have been lost to my Country, by Estates *lying dead* in the Possession of *Blockheads*.

The

The little Artifices of Flattery, and that Adoration which Self-Interest has made us pay to the *lac'd Coat*, and *gilt Chariot*, work us up to an Emulation rather of growing *great*, than *greatly useful*. The cold Reception which a poor Scholar meets with, and the Contempt which *patient Merit from the Unworthy takes*, as *Shakespear* finely observes, has made Learning an Object of our Fears. Apprehension sets Poverty in our way as a Diffusive to this Embellishment; and we guard against Improvements in Knowledge, as if they were the Forerunners of Want and growing despicable. This Deference which has still been paid to Circumstances, puts me in Mind of *Diogenes's* Reply to the Pert Fellow that ask'd him, *why the Philosophers visited the Rich, and that the Rich seldom or never visited the Philosophers*; 'Tis because, said He, *the Philosophers know what they want, but rich People do not know it*. If they did, to use a Sentence which I have prefix'd to my Paper, they would be much more assiduous to make their Court to Philosophers.

The Recommendations to Posterity, as well as to our Contemporaries that have true Notions, which Learning and
the

the Cultivation of the Mind give us, naturally lead me to take a View of my other Correspondent's Sentiments.

To the CENSOR of GREAT BRITAIN.

Venerable S I R,

“ **T**AKING a Survey of the Monuments
 “ in *Westminster-Abby*, (with
 “ Concern I speak it;) they were so
 “ clouded with Dust, and bespatter'd
 “ with Dirt, that several of the Inscrip-
 “ tions are scarce legible: These *Monu-*
 “ *ments* were erected to perpetuate the
 “ Memory of celebrated Men, who
 “ have signaliz'd themselves by Learn-
 “ ing, or Heroick Actions: And 'tis
 “ great Pity any one should deface the
 “ Characters of such to whom this Na-
 “ tion still stands indebted, either for
 “ *valuable Books*, or *eminent Services*.
 “ Who can forbear exhibiting a Com-
 “ plaint to you, when he sees those *Re-*
 “ *gisters* of *Existence* abus'd, or lye bu-
 “ ried under Dust and Cobwebs? Those
 “ just and polite Encomium's, engrav'd
 “ on the Marbles, are very proper Mo-
 “ tives to incite us to tread those Steps
 “ which

“ which have gain'd them such Immor-
 “ tal Honour. I am

Your very humble Servant,

JAMES REDIVIVUS.

I entirely agree with this ingenious Person, that such *Monuments* are strong and proper Incentives to Virtue; and could wish that they were oftner *Rewards* of the *Common-wealth*, than erected either thro' the *Ambition* or *Tender-ness* of a *surviving Relation*. 'Tis Pity, those who tend our consecrated Domes should not have a Salary for keeping the Inscriptions clean and legible; which wilfully to deface, or abuse, is a Degree of Sacrilege. The Emulation of copying great and virtuous Actions is not the only Price of these *Marble* or *Brazen* Records: They are *Manuscripts* which the Impertinence of no busy Hand can interpolate: and which give the Sanction of Authority, unquestionable, to the Truth of what they contain.

We know we have ow'd many Points in *History*, and the *Dates* of Occurrences to these lasting and unerring Pages; they are like *Medals* which retrieve memorable Actions from Oblivion, and carry us back

to the Knowledge of Times and Circumstances. Those *Chronological Marbles*, which we still boast at *Oxford*, and the Restoration of whose Flaws have employ'd such able Pens, have settled the Periods of Persons and Ages, which never could have been fix'd, from the Confusion and Contradictions so common in a Variety of Authors. We should look then on these Monuments like Abstracts of History, refer to them for determining the Fates of Families, and sometimes of Kingdoms; and cherish them as our Courts do those aged Evidences, who can speak faithfully to Custom within their own Knowledge, which has been lost to Memory and Practice, and is alone recoverable by the Benefit of their Years.

N° 49. *Tuesday, February 12.*

Ονειράτων
Ἀλίγκιοι μορφαῖσι.

Æschyl.

AS my last Paper was partly compos'd of two Letters, I should have declin'd inserting One in This, had I not
re-

received it by a pleasant Mistake. When I came home to my Lodgings, I found it on the Table, directed to the CENSOR, in a Hand which I knew; and, breaking it open, found the Substance of it as follows.

Madam,

“ MY ill Fortune at *Ombre* cannot give
 “ Me the ten Thousandth part of
 “ that Uneasiness, which your lovely
 “ Image, impress’d on my Soul, has done
 “ ever since. Think Me under the
 “ Languishment of a hopeless Lover,
 “ who wishes, yet dreads a second In-
 “ terview; and unless your Pity rescues
 “ me from Despair, you will soon hear
 “ that your Unkindness has been the
 “ Death of

Your Passionate Admirer,

CHARLES HEEDLESS.

I had this Epistle on *Sunday* Night, and was visited by *Charles* Yesterday Morning about Ten; who was appriz’d of his Error, by having receiv’d back from his Mistress a Letter, which he had directed to *her*, but wrote to *Me*: Compliments over, and the Gentleman

settled in a Chair; *Old Friend*, (says he) *I had been with Thee two Hours sooner, but for unluckily mistaking the Name of your Street, and giving my Coachman a false Direction. I find my Inadvertence has laid me open to your Censure, by sending that Billet to you, which should have begun my Addresses to my Mistress: However, I expect a Return of that same Letter, which I must transcribe for Celia, with an Apology for the Blunder I have made.*

I comply'd in the giving him back his Note, which he accepted from me with much Complaisance. *Charles* is as perfect an *absent* Man, as the most strain'd Description can represent him: We had a great deal of Talk on indifferent things; and I observ'd him with much Indolence twirling about the Letter on the Table, all the while we discours'd. When he had pretty well spun out the Thread of his Argument, he started up, clap'd my *Sand-box* in his Pocket instead of his *Snuff-box*, and was marching off with my *Poker*, which he had mistook for his *Cane*. These Errors rectified, and our Laugh over on both Sides, he prevented my Ceremony, by shutting me into my Chamber: As I was returning to my Seat, I thought I heard him going up Stairs;
and,

and, opening my Door, perceiv'd him coming down again; for he had mounted to the *Garret*, and concluded he was making his Way towards the *Street-Door*.

This *Species* of Mortals, who have very little or no Share of Recollection, are as numerous in the World as those whom I call'd the *Incurious*; and have, perhaps, as much Variety, and as many Degrees and Symptoms of Distemperature. Their Indiscretion, as it exposes themselves to Ridicule, so it does their Friends to frequent Involuntary Mischiefs. I have seen Some of so total a Negligence or Forgetfulness, that they were like the *Lady in Bruyere*, who look'd all about the Room for her Mask, when she had it upon her Face at the same time. I have known Others who have seem'd very sedate and deliberate, yet in the Depth of their Gravity have thought on nothing: And there is a Third Sort, some of whom almost every Man has in his Acquaintance, who, to outward Appearance, act with a Justness of Behaviour and *Decorum*; yet have not Collection enough to pursue those Affairs which should be more immediately their Concern, or to think of the Promises and Appointments

which they make with the strictest Solemnity.

There is another Defect most common in Conversation, and which must certainly be interpreted a sort of *Absence*, which is, that a Man of much Discourse and Fluency of Expression shall stop short of a sudden, and not in the least remember what he was talking of. I have heard of one, who was so far gone in this Infirmary of Forgetfulness, that he could not for his Soul recollect his own Name: He goes to a Coffee-house, and asks at the Bar for his Letters; the Boy enquires to whom they should be directed, he stands confounded at the Question, runs homeward to inform himself; meets a Friend who salutes him by his Name, never stays to return his Friend an Answer, but posts back to the Coffee-house, tells his Name, and demands his Letters.

Lest a Character of this kind should seem too extravagant for my Reader's Belief, I will subjoin the humorous Description which *Bruyere* has given of the *Absent* Man; and since part of it has found a Place in the *Lucubrations* of my Predecessor, the SPECTATOR, I will insert only that part which he has left untouch'd.

Menal-

Menalcas, says the witty *Frenchman*, if he walks into the Street, feels something strike him on the Face or Stomach, can't imagine what 'tis, till looking about him, he sees himself by a Cart-wheel, or under a Joiner's Pent-house with the Coffins about his Ears. He was once seen to run against a blind Man, push him backwards, and tumble over him. If he goes into the City, before he has gone far, he believes himself out of his Way; stands still, and asks such as pass by, where he is, who name to him the very Street he lives in; he bolts into his own House, and runs out in haste, fancying himself mistaken. He marries in the Morning, forgets it at Night, and lies abroad; some Years after, his Wife dies in his Arms, he assists at her Funeral; and the next Day, when his Servants acquaint him Dinner is on the Table, he asks whether his Wife be ready, and they have given her Notice of it? He goes to Church, takes out of his Pocket a Prayer-book, as he thinks, but luggs out a Slipper instead of it; and if the Parson chances to sneeze, he cries out aloud, *God bless you*. He writes a Letter at Night, and after he has made it up and seal'd it, puts out the Candle;

Is surpriz'd to find himself in the Dark, and can hardly remember how it happen'd. He meets a Person at Court, cries, *You are the Man I look'd for*, hauls him along with him thro' several Apartments, then looks more strictly on the Man he drew after him, wonders how it should be, has nothing to say to him, lets him go, and turns another way. When he is in Company, he begins a Story which he forgets to end; laughs to himself at something he was thinking of, and makes Answer to his own Thoughts; sings thro' his Teeth, whistles, rolls up and down in his Chair, gapes, and believes he's alone. He forgets to drink at Dinner; or if he remembers it, thinks there's too much Wine fill'd for him; flings half on't in the Man's Face who sits next to him, drinks the rest with a great deal of Composure, and can't comprehend why People should laugh at him for throwing to the Ground the Wine he was not willing to drink. He is in Passion with his Domesticks for being out of the way, when he himself has dispatch'd them on Errands. He talks of Statutes of Bankrupt, in a Family that has had the Misfortune to break; of Executions and Scaffolds, before a Person,

son whose Father was beheaded: And of mean Extraction, before rich Farmers who would pass for Gentlemen. In short, he neither is present, nor hears what the Company discourse of, when he himself is the Subject of their Conversation. He never is among those whom he appears to be with; calls his Footman, very seriously, *Sir*; and his Friend, *Robin*: Says, *Your Reverence*, to a Prince of the Blood; and, *Your Highness*, to a Jesuit. He is in Company with a Judge, grave by his Character, and venerable by his Age and Dignity, who asks of him, Whether such a Thing is so? and he replies, *Yes, Madam.*

N^o 50. *Thursday, February 14.*

— *nunquam ædepol Iejunium*
Iejunum est æquè. Plaut.

Persons who are remarkable for any particular Qualities in which they either *excel* or *exceed* the rest of their Fellow-Creatures, have been thought worthy to be registred by Historians,

and have their Names distinguish'd and transmitted to Posterity. The Book-keepers of Fame have promiscuously blended the Atchievements of Honour and Infamy, the Superior Endowments of the Mind, and the extraordinary Strength of the Body in their Records: And it is very common in the Account of some great Men, to find in a particular Year, that a *Pigmy* of *Two* Foot, or a *Giant* of *Eight*, were produc'd to the Wonder of the Age.

Thus those, who remark upon memorable Actions, take as much Pleasure to dilate upon *Milo* the *Carrier* of the *Oxe*, as on the military Exploits of *Alexander* the *Conqueror* of the *World*: And, when they relate the successful, peaceable, and learned *Æra* of *Augustus's* Reign, never forget to immortalize the *Cobler* who taught his *Parrot* to salute him by the Name of *Cæsar*. A very grave Author seems not a little delighted in his Relation of the Reign of *Lewis* the *Thirteenth*, in telling us that there then appear'd a *Prodigy* of her Sex, a *Learned Harlot*, who bestow'd her Favours *gratis* upon her Contemporaries who were *Men of Letters*, and was never so well pleas'd as when in Bed with *Greek* and *Latin*.

If the *English* Reader has a Mind to see a strange Mixture of Incidents of this Nature, he may be fully satisfied by consulting that indefatigable Collector, our Countryman, Sir *Richard Baker*; who, with an impartial Regard, as far as it lay in his painful Powers, has given Immortality to *Princes* and *Tallow-Chandlers*, *Heroes* and *Citizens Wives*, *Children* that cry'd before they were born, and *Men* that laugh'd all their Life-time; *Fools* that prophesied in their *Cradles*, and *Old Men* that did Penance for getting *Children* at *One Hundred and Twenty*.

In this curious Preserver of Antiquities, of great and little Consequence, was I reading the other Evening, when I happen'd upon the Story of the great *Wood of voracious Memory*. The strange and unaccountable Relation of which put me upon applying my self to a Descendant, by a Collateral Branch, of the famous Mr. *M——t*, who dy'd about Forty Years since, in Order to gather up what Fragments I could from so great an Eater; and give the present Age a Taste of his Remains. My Friend told me very frankly, that his Appetite was extraordinary from his first Entrance into Life, and that in his first Year he
not

not only suck'd his Mother, but half a Dozen Nurses more, dry; when, if for no other Reason, they thought it high Time to wean him. What was very remarkable, is, that none of the other Children, of which he was the youngest, had any Taint of his *Voracity*: The prudent Mother took care that this young *Benjamin* had ten Times as much as the rest of his Brethren at his ordinary Meals: And yet it was observ'd that for all that, he practis'd the Rule laid down by Physicians as necessary for Health, and constantly rose from Table with an *Appetite*. As he increas'd in Years, so did he in Strength of Stomach; so that, at Fifteen, he was able to master a *Turkey* and a *fat Capon* at a Meal; with a proportionable Quantity of Bread to fill up Chinks. Now it was that the good Parents, having settled the Fortunes of their other Children, began to look with a Compassionate Eye on poor *Ben*, and to determine to what Profession they should breed this hopeful Son of their Bowels. A Matter of this Difficulty was not proper to be decided, without consulting their Friends, Relations, and Neighbours; accordingly a Feast being provided for that Purpose, and a *Brace*
of

of *Hares* extraordinary for *Ben*, this important Point was to be settled.

After Supper, the Opinions of the Company were severally ask'd, and an honest *Farmer*, who was to give his first, propos'd making a Show of him, as the only Way to get Victuals sufficient for the Returns of his Stomach. To this there were many Objections; the Boy himself was ashamed of the Proposal, the Parents fearful lest the Child should starve from the Incuriosity of the Publick: Besides, that in a short Time the *Show* would grow stale, but the Calls of Nature would still continue the same; and *Ben* must be fed whether Company came to see him eat, or not.

The next that spoke was reckon'd a wicked *Wagg* for those Times, and he, having told them that the *Clergy* liv'd upon the Fat of the Land, advis'd them to breed him a *Parson*; but here equal Difficulties arose, for neither *Boarding-School Allowance*, nor *Colledge Commons* were of a Size with his Stomach; and he was sure to meet with both perpetual Hunger, and perpetual Laughter among the Companions of those Societies. Why then, says the *Wagg*, let him be one of the *King's Beef-Eaters*; the
very

very mention of which delightful Dish brought Tears of Joy into the Eyes of young *Benjamin*; with which his Mother sympathiz'd, and the whole Company now thought the Matter determin'd: When the *Parson* of the Parish, who had the good Luck to have been acquainted with a Squire that had been at Court, inform'd them of the Mistake in the Nature of that Preferment, and told them that their Son would only have the Meal of a common Man, beside the stated Salary.

Never was poor *Wretch* so dejected as our fair *Feeder* was upon this Occasion; he turn'd pale, sigh'd, and trembled; and, in the Anguish of his Grief, suffer'd an *Apple-pye* to be taken from the Table, unthought of, untasted. In the midst of this Scene the *Parson* arose, and, telling them he would advise as much for the best as if he were his own Son, said, that altho' his own *Cloth* was a promising Profession for a Supply of wholsom Nourishment, yet that he must be forc'd to take his Dues in Kind, and that tho' there were much Comfort in *Tytbe-Pigs*, &c. yet there was a Profession that had all these Advantages, by way of Presents, besides Fees into the Bargain:

Bargain: A Profession that garbled Estates as well as Dinners, and swallow'd Lands and Tenements, as well as Soup and roast Beef; and, in a Word, to which, according to the Old Song,

*Houses and Churches
Were Geese and Turkeys;*

and This was the Study of the Law. These Emphatical Words determin'd the Controversy, and *Ben* apply'd himself to Eating and Reading, as heartily as our Modern Students do to Wenching and Drinking.

My Friend added, that when Mr. *M*— became a Practitioner, it was his usual Custom to compound for a *Dinner* instead of a *Fee*, and that he bit many ignorant Clients that way; ten Shillings being but a poor *Ordinary* to his Stomach. He had the good Fortune, at his first setting out in Business, to be made Steward to several *Manner-Courts*, the Revenue of all which he took out in *Venison*: And well was it for him he had a good Tongue in his Head, otherwise his Mouth had often gone empty. If, as in the polite Fable of *Menenius Agrippa*, this honest Man's *Tongue* had happen'd
to

to have quarrel'd with the rest of his Members, and sworn it self to two Days Silence, the whole Machine must have dropt, and the poor Wretch inevitably starv'd: But Nature, which, the Philosophers say, supplies the Defect of one Part by an Excellency in some Other, gave such an extraordinary Agility to this little Member, that it prov'd a most excellent *Caterer* for its Master. It was a sort of a *Jack-call* to his *Lyon-Appetite*, which brought him in *Breakfasts*, *Dinners*, and *Suppers* in due Season.

Thus he liv'd, said my Friend, and without *eating himself out of house and home*, left a moderate Competency behind him. I have somewhere in my Study, *two or three of his Bills of Fare*, which I'll present you with for the Publick's Entertainment, hoping you will make some Reflections on this curious Subject.

Saturday,

N^o 51. *Saturday, February 16.*

*Hunc Solem & Stellas & decedentia certis
Tempora Momentis —
—Locupletem Frugibus Annum.*

Horace.

IT is a very obvious Remark, that those *Blessings* which are the most common to Mankind are the least regarded, either survey'd with a careless Inattention by those who have a Competency of Understanding to weigh and consider them well, or gaz'd upon with an unedifying Stupidity by the Ignorant : so that between both, the marvellous Works of the *Creation* pass by either unheeded, or are look'd upon as ordinary Spectacles, unworthy the Reflection of a Rational Being. If *Man* grown up to the full Dignity of his Nature could but lock up his Senses for a time, and then suppose himself in the State of our *first Parent*, who beholding a *New-born SUN* travelling from the *East* to the *West*, a beginning, increasing, and diminishing
MOON,

MOON, an harmonious Order of *Heavenly Bodies* performing their Courses, a beautiful *FIRMAMENT* studded with fix'd *STARS*; his Rapture and Astonishment in all Probability would be so great, (unless moderated by the Intervention of a Superior Being) as to deprive him of that Reason, by which he should examin this wonderful Frame, and adore the Hand that made It. If he could still farther continue this View, and observe the Chearfulness that the Glories of the *SUN* spreads over the Face of *Nature*, the Variety of Colours, the Differences of Reflection, and the amazing Operations of *one* and the *same Body*, upon the *same Globe of Earth*, at due and distant *Seasons*; what a Maze of irregular Thought must he, who stands now as an idle Spectator, be lost in, and confounded! Any one Instance singled out from among the rest of the miraculous Works of Providence, is Subject enough for the Contemplation of the wisest of the Sons of Men. And yet so it is that they pass by the Sight of the Generality like fleeting Shadows, the Eye little regarding either from whence they came, or whither they go.

The

The Reason of this, after long Consideration why it should be so, I think may proceed from two Causes; the one, the *General Pride and Vanity of Mankind*; the other, the *Innate and almost Unconquerable Solicitations of his Passions and Appetites*.

To prove the first, we may only observe in those Persons who are reckon'd to have the most refin'd Tastes, that they shall be taken and struck with the *Works of Art* to a degree even of Admiration and Fondness, which are at best but poor Bunglings and imperfect Representations of Nature; But the *Pride* is, that they were made by his *Fellow-Creature Man*. How often shall we see a rational Soul hung as it were by the Eyes, and fix'd by Admiration upon a *fine Piece of Painting*? With what a Nicety shall he observe the delicate Touches, the masterly Strokes, the beautiful turn of Posture, the ten thousand Graces in a single Picture, which perhaps the *Master* had no Eye to, or if he had, they ought no farther to be admired, than as they are *Copies* of those *Originals* which he every Day disregards, or despises in Common Life.

Sculpture

Sculpture and *Architecture*, which are Sciences still nearer to what we behold in Nature, have the same Effect upon different Minds, without any Reference to the *Great Model* from whence they were drawn. A *Statue* exquisitely work'd with all the Harmony and Proportion of Parts, with its bold Risings, or its soft Declinations, shall transport a Lover of *Antiquity*, who would not extend a Charity to a half *Naked Beggar*, who is the *Reality* of that which *Art* but faintly represents. In the same Manner another grows Giddy in looking up to an *arch'd Roof*, or a *fretted Ceiling*, without once reflecting that the Structure was translated from the *Bow of the Heavens*, or the *Knots of Stars in the Firmament*. Hence it comes to pass, that we in our great Wisdom have given the *Masters* in these *Arts* the Extravagant Appellatives of *Divine*, *Immortal*, and *Eternal*; Titles which our own Vanity first invented, and Custom, the successive Heir to every thing that is Improper, has continu'd in Use among us.

I have been the longer upon this Instance, because I think I have gone to the bottom of one Source of our Negligence, in respect to the *Works of the Creation*,

Creation, and shall therefore be much shorter in the other.

This Part relates to the Ignorant, and the vicious Moiety of Mankind: The one, unhappy by Fortune and Education, the other by Ungovernable Passions and Evil Society, are equally negligent of those superior common Objects which ought to draw their Attention. But the *Magnet* is below: The *Rustick* regarding the *Seasons* no farther than as some fancy'd *Prognosticks* determine him in the Culture of his Ground, and the *Voluptuous* only as they minister to his *Appetites* and *Luxury*: The one has the Importunities of Gain, to work him up to his Industry; the other, the unrefined Instincts of Nature, to sollicit him to his Pleasures; and so, tho' both have different Pursuits, they agree in the same End, of being unthankful Receivers of the Benefits of Providence.

How unlike to this do we find the Conduct of the *Holy Men of Old* to have been; whose Raptures were never greater than when they were taken up with a View of the *System* of the World, the Operations of Nature, and the Divine Superintendency over all its Works. Upon this Occasion I have very often
admired

admired the Difference between the Heathen, and the truly *Divine Poetry*; How faint and languid are the Descriptions of the One in Comparison to the Other! and, How vastly bold, rising, and figurative, the Expressions of the inspir'd Writers are upon these Occasions! *Homer, Virgil, Pindar, and Horace,* are meer Dirt, to *Job, David,* and the *Prophets,* upon these Subjects; the Reason of which I shall enquire into at another time. When *David* speaks of the *Sun,* he makes him *Rejoice like a Bridegroom,* or, *Set forth like a Gyant to run his Course.* If he speaks of the *Moon,* it not only giveth *Light in the Night-Season,* but *knoweth its going down.* When the *Stars* are mention'd, *One telleth another,* and the whole Firmament reports the Glory of the Creator: By the Omnipotence of the God of *Israel,* the *Waters of the Sea* are gather'd together as on a *Heap,* and he layeth up the *Deeps* in *Store-houses.* When the *Meteors* of the *Air* exert their Operations, he covers the *Heaven with Clouds,* prepares *Rain for the Earth,* the *Clouds* pour out *Water,* the *Skies* send out a *Sound.* And again, At due Seasons he giveth *Snow like Wool,* he scattereth the hoar *Frost like Ashes,* casts
forth

forth his Ice like Morsels; the most Natural, as well as the most Poetical Description of a beginning Frost: and when it pleaseth him, he sendeth out his Word and melteth them, he causeth the Wind to blow, and the Waters flow. And when he describes the more benign Effects of his Operations, how beautiful is it to hear, to read, How he watereth the Hills from his Chambers, How he girdeth fast the Mountains; and sendeth the Springs into the Vallies; How he causeth Grass to grow for the Cattle, and Herb for the Service of Man; And Wine that maketh glad the Heart of Man, and Oyl to make his Face shine, and Bread which strengtheneth Man's Heart.

I could dilate with infinite Pleasure upon all the Particulars I have here recited from the *Psalmist*; but my Reader, if he has any Judgment, will easily find the Difference between *Human* and *Inspired Writings*. I will only beg Leave, as the *Spring* now approaches, to put him in mind to look up to Providence as the great Conductor of the Seasons, the Producer and Bleffer of the *Seeds* and *Fruits* of the Earth, and bid him remember Him whose *Clouds drop Fatness*. And that he may not want a due Form to apply upon this Occasion to
the

the Giver of all Goodness, I shall sub-join a most excellent one from Bishop *Andrews*, which in all Deference to proper Judges may merit a Place in our *LITURGY*. It is as follows:

“ Remember, O Lord, to renew the
 “ Year with thy Goodness, and the
 “ Season with a promising Temper:
 “ For the Eyes of all wait upon thee,
 “ O Lord: Thou givest them Meat:
 “ Thou openest thy Hand, and fillest
 “ all Things living with thy Bounty.
 “ Vouchsafe, therefore, O Lord, the
 “ Blessings of the Heavens, and the
 “ Dews from Above: The Blessings of
 “ the Springs, and the Deep from Be-
 “ neath: The Returns of the Sun, the
 “ Conjunctions of the Moon: The Be-
 “ nefit of the rising Mountains, and
 “ the lasting Hills: The Fullness of
 “ the Earth, and all that breed therein.
 “ A Fruitful Season.
 “ Temperate Air.
 “ Plenty of Corn.
 “ Abundance of Fruits.
 “ Health of Body, and Peaceable
 Times.
 “ Good and wise Government.
 “ Prudent Counsels.
 “ Just Laws;”

“ Righteous

- " Righteous Judgment.
- " Loyal Obedience.
- " Due Execution of Justice.
- " Sufficient Store for Life.
- " Happy Births.
- " Good and fair Plenty.
- " Breeding and Institution of Children.
- " That our Sons may grow up as the
- " young Plants, and our Daughters may
- " be as the polish'd Corners of the Temple:
- " That our Garners may be full
- " and plenteous with all manner of Store:
- " That our Sheep may bring forth
- " Thousands: That our Oxen may be
- " strong to labour: That there be no
- " Decay, no leading into Captivity,
- " no Complaining in our Streets: But
- " that every Man may sit under his own
- " Vine, and his own Fig-tree, in Thank-
- " fulness to Thee, Sobriety and Cha-
- " rity to his Neighbour, and in whatso-
- " ever other Estate thou wilt have him
- " therewith to be contented. And this
- " for *Jesus Christ* his Sake, to whom be
- " Glory for ever. *A M E N.*

N^o 52. Tuesday, February 19.

Ἀνδρῶς, ἢ τ' ἀνδρας μέγα σίνεταί —————

IT is a very great Symptom of the Degeneracy of Mankind, and the Depravity of their Manners, that an *Impudence*, which used to shock the Old World, is now become a Character of Recommendation, and a Passport to carry a Man through every Stage of Life. It is a Qualification, which to render the more Epidemical, we have soften'd by the Appellative of *Assurance*; and so plac'd it in a Light of Advantage, by supporting it with Colours that seem to imply a Necessity. Hence it comes that the *bold, pushing* Man leaps at once to the Summit of Fortune's Wheel, whilst the *Shy* and *Modest* gaze at distance on Promotion; and, confounded with the Difficulties of succeeding, know not how to make their Approaches. These Men of a more than competent Assurance are like a Torrent, which bears down the strongest Opposition before it; and those of too diffident a *Modesty*, like a
flow

flow and gentle Stream, suffer every Bulrush to impede their Course: Or, to make Use of another Metaphor, they look through the wrong End of the Perspective, and scarce can discern the Object by reason of its Remoteness.

But as it is certain that a Degree of Assurance is absolutely necessary to our Conduct, and gives a Grace both to our Utterance and Actions; we must allow it a Distinction from *Impudence*, and know that *Modesty* in some Circumstances may as much expose us to *Ridicule*, as the most *undaunted Assurance* does to *Aversion*. To be proper Judges how far we may be faulty in either Extream, we ought to define the Nature, and Principles, of these opposite Qualifications.

Impudence then is a Talent which makes us Trespassers on Morality and good Manners; it runs us on Actions which we cannot account for to Conscience, or Honesty; and gives a Turn to our Discourse and Conversation that scandalizes us to People of any Decorum or Severity in Conduct. The not being ashamed to do an ill Thing gives a sort of Sanction to the Proceedings of the Impudent, and makes them commit a Thousand Indecencies, which they

would avoid if they knew the Pain of Blushing. No Character, Sex, or Quality, is a Restriction on their Behaviour; they will accuse *Religion*, and banter *Piety*, before the Face of a *Bishop*; talk the grossest *Obscenities* before a *Maid of Honour*; and cock their Hats, and practise *Airs of Insolence* in the Presence of a *Prince*. It makes Men think all Merit and Privilege is on their Side, and therefore encourages in them a Disregard to the Superior Rank or Endowments of others.

Modesty, on the other hand, is a strict Regard to *Chastity* and *Honour* in the Female Sex, and a Distrust of *Merit* and *Understanding* in Ours. It inspires us with Sentiments of *Virtue* and *Discretion*, and arms us against *Impurities* which we see make so scandalous a Figure in Men of a licentious Converse and Deportment; it controuls our Notions of *Pride* and *Arrogance*, and never looks upon *that* to be *Wit*, which cannot be utter'd without a tacit *Condemnation* of the *Speaker*, and a *Reprehension* from those to whom it is *spoken*. It may be call'd the *Guardian* of *Divine* and *Humane* Institutions, as fearing to trample either on the *Ordinances of God*, or *Decrees of the Republick*:

publick: Further, it has a Regulation from it self, and makes a Law of Decency to direct its Conduct.

The old *Heathens*, who built Temples to Fortune and Fortitude, to Virtues and Qualities, never, as I remember, consecrated a Shrine to *Modesty*: Tho' *Sophocles* has somewhere given her a Seat near the Throne of *Jupiter*, and plac'd her at his Elbow on all Emergencies: A Piece of Machinery which handsomely recommends her to the World, and counsels us to reverence her whom *Jove* himself has not disdain'd for a Companion.

Great however, and commendable as this Virtue is, it oft, by making wrong Impressions, seems a Vice and Defect in Nature; This happens, when we wear a *false* or *vicious* Modesty: A *Bashfulness* either of Temper or Education, which gives us an Air of *awkward Simplicity*; and will not suffer Us to exert our Virtues, or Qualifications. This is a Modesty which we should never study to cultivate, which is an unreasonable Check on our best Parts, and a disadvantageous Controuler of our Deportment.

Lelius. is very unhappy in such a Disposition ; he sets out in the World, well furnish'd with Sense and Fortune, yet looks as if he fear'd plunging out of his Depth at every Instant. He is very cautious of mixing himself in Company; seldom speaks, and when he does, takes Care that it be to answer a Question. He generally shuffles into the Corner of the Room, where he guards his Post with as much Care as a Centinel on Duty; and is as uneasy at crossing the Room, when the Coffee-house is full, as the Soldier would be to run the Gantlet. He has often rose up hungry from the Table, because ashamed to shew his Want of Art in Carving; and has undergone the Pain of being dry, rather than put himself to the Confusion of drinking to some of the Company. He blushes, if any whisper; and suspects something amiss in his Dress or Shape. If he sets down to Cards, he mistakes the Game, merely thro' a fear of playing wrong: And if he reads an Author aloud, lays a false Emphasis, for Want of giving a proper Tone to his Voice, and thro' some Hesitations which proceed from the Fault of Bashfulness.

This

This *Sheepish* Modesty, as it is commonly term'd, springs generally from a particular Mildness of Temper; and grows of a Piece with Us from being encourag'd in our Education, and from our late and unfrequent Introduction into Company. With this Imperfection about us we look like *Abel* in the *Committee*, as if we fear'd the Person we spoke to *had a Knife in his Pocket*. Had I a Son, I confess I would not train him to the Discipline of these Shy *Pythagoreans*, who enjoin themselves more than a *five Years* Silence: He should learn to make his Address with Freedom, not Impudence; and practise Discourse enough to teach him his own Force of Reasoning, not to impose Arguments, or, by sawcily playing the Orator, oblige his Betters to be Silent.

Besides the Figure which this pernicious *Bashfulness* causes us to make, it carries along with it Consequences to our Disadvantage; A Man of this Modesty is often ill treated, and sets down with an Injury, because he cannot put a good Face on his Justification, and stand the Shock of redressing himself before Company. How often may we see a *diffident* young *Barister*, with

Equity on his side, and Law enough to back it; beat out of the Merits of his Cause by the noisy Harangue of another Pleader, that had Assurance to make *loud Eloquence* pass for *Reason*, and *Vehe- mence of Phrase* for *Proof and Evidence*? In short, it is a Frailty which disarms a Man of his Faculties; locks up the Endowments of the Mind, and Powers of the Body; puts the Action and Utterance under an Arrest; and makes its Patient look like the Skeleton of himself. There is either no such thing as Modesty, says a witty Writer, or it is confounded with something in it self quite different. If we take it for an Internal Sentiment, which makes a Man seem mean in his own Eyes, this is a supernatural Virtue, and we call it Humility. Man naturally thinks proudly and haughtily of himself, and thinks thus of no body but himself: Modesty only tends to qualify this Disposition; it is an External Virtue, which governs our Eyes, Conduct, Words, Tone of Voice, and obliges a Man to act with others to outward Appearance, as if it was not true that he despis'd them.

From

From my own Apartment, Monday Feb. 18.

I was this Evening visited by a Gentleman who came to compliment me with some Tickets for his *Sixth Night* of the *Artful Husband*; he talk'd with much Freedom of the Taste of the Town, but — could not but own that they had now done him Justice: I was pleas'd with the Bluntness of his Address, and knowing him to be a very honest Man, as well as an *extravagant* Taker of *Snuff*, I accepted his Tickets; and telling him, *I had heard a good Character of his Play*, promis'd to interest my Friends in his Favour.

N^o 53. *Thursday, February 21.*

— *Sit non doctissima Conjux.* Mart.

THE following Letter being the first I have receiv'd from the Learned University of *CAMBRIDGE*, I have given it to the Publick entire; a Respect I seldom pay to the rest of my

H. S.

Cor-

Correspondents, the Subject being very entertaining.

Cambridge, Feb. the 14th.

S I R,

‘ **A** S it is true, that a little Learning
 ‘ only can make a Man an Atheist,
 ‘ but a great deal makes it impossible
 ‘ for him to be so; so are it’s Influ-
 ‘ ences as manifestly different in com-
 ‘ mon Life: A smattering of Learning,
 ‘ when it lights upon a weak Mind, is
 ‘ apt to flush it with Conceit, and make
 ‘ it overflow with Impertinence; a Per-
 ‘ son so furnish’d naturally thinks, with
 ‘ the *Spanish Monarch*, the Sun of
 ‘ *Learning never sets out of his Dominions*,
 ‘ but that all Knowledge is contain’d
 ‘ within the Limits of his scanty Hori-
 ‘ zon. Whilst the Great Man, tho’
 ‘ arriv’d perhaps at the most exalted
 ‘ Pitch a great Genius could carry him,
 ‘ is sensible there are vast Regions of
 ‘ *Terræ Incognitæ* behind, which he must
 ‘ never be the *Columbus* of; and modest-
 ‘ ly confesses that he knows, compara-
 ‘ tively, Nothing.

‘ But this Misfortune will (I believe)
 ‘ be found to happen chiefly in the *Fe-*
 ‘ *male World*; for tho’ Nature has en-
 ‘ du’d

‘ du’d ’em with that ever-flowing Stream
‘ of Eloquence, which gliding amongst
‘ Pebbles, and confin’d within its own
‘ Banks, at once commands and charms
‘ the Attention with its agreeable Mur-
‘ murs, yet when it launches out into
‘ the Deep, tho’ it be then conspicu-
‘ ous, yet is only so as the Froth of it;
‘ but not (I believe) of that Sort which
‘ gave Birth to *Venus*. For if it be true
‘ that every thing shines with the great-
‘ est Lustre in its own proper Sphere,
‘ ’tis certain the *Ladies*, whose Minds
‘ are too delicate, their Spirits too vola-
‘ tile, and their Mold too soft, to bear
‘ the Fatigue of a laborious Enquiry in-
‘ to the harsher Studies, are not to ex-
‘ pect any additional Beauties from
‘ thence; and (I think) ’tis no Won-
‘ der if such bold Invaders catch Straws
‘ instead of Pearl, and make the Blemi-
‘ shes of an Author the Objects of their
‘ Admiration, when they want Judg-
‘ ment to find out his real Perfections.

‘ But I must tell your *Fair Readers* far-
‘ ther, that Learning in them would
‘ take off from that Universal Sway,
‘ which they now bear over the Hearts
‘ of Mankind; they would soon find
‘ the *warm Adorer* chang’d into the cold
Platonick

‘ Platonick *Admirer*; and the transport-
‘ ed *Lover* into the respectful *Friend*; for
‘ I believe it was never heard that *Mi-*
‘ *nerva* had any Humble Servants, tho’
‘ admir’d by all the World, except the
‘ old Philosophers may come under that
‘ Denomination. Whilst the Young, the
‘ Lively, the Sanguine, and the Gay,
‘ in the Story of *Paris*, prefer the firing
‘ Charms of a sprightly *Venus*, to the
‘ formal Sagacity of *Pallas*; and be-
‘ sides, all that pleasing Simplicity, a-
‘ greeable Extravagance, and enchant-
‘ ing Levity, which adorn their Con-
‘ versation, would dwindle into a dull
‘ affected Regularity. Then I hope your
‘ fair Readers won’t take it ill, if I
‘ mention that Insatiable Vanity in them
‘ of shewing themselves, and pushing
‘ on any distinguishing Character to
‘ the utmost, which must necessarily
‘ render the *She-Pedant* the most trou-
‘ blesome impertinent Creature living.
‘ Besides that Exemption from Contra-
‘ diction, a Privilege which the Polite
‘ World have in a great Measure given
‘ ’em, naturally puffs up their Vanity
‘ to the greatest Height of Extrava-
‘ gance; for tho’ a Man should be so
‘ hardy as to dissent from a fine Wo-
man,

‘ man, yet must he touch the Matter
 ‘ with so gentle and judicious a Hand,
 ‘ that his very Contradiction is frequent-
 ‘ ly turn’d into a Piece of Flattery, and,
 ‘ to use the Words of Mr. *Waller*, tho’
 ‘ spoken upon another Occasion, *He*
 ‘ *may wound with one Hand, but must heal*
 ‘ *with both.*

‘ I have thus far consider’d the Wo-
 ‘ man in her General Character, but
 ‘ the Circumstance of Matrimony makes
 ‘ the Case infinitely worse; She is ru-
 ‘ maging the Ancients for Moral Pre-
 ‘ cepts, whilst she should be employing
 ‘ them to the Advantage of the Mo-
 ‘ derns; and correcting the Oeconomy
 ‘ of *Dido’s* Family, whilst she neglects
 ‘ the Conduct of her own. I have
 ‘ known one of these Learned Ladies
 ‘ summon all the Propositions in *Euclid* to
 ‘ the making of an *Hoop-Petticoat*, and
 ‘ another deduce a long Harangue of
 ‘ the Harmony of the Elements, from
 ‘ the mixing of a *Pudding*.

‘ A Friend of mine, who had the
 ‘ Misfortune to marry one of this Sort,
 ‘ told me he was forc’d to make his Ap-
 ‘ proaches regularly, entrench’d over
 ‘ Head and Ears in hard Words and
 ‘ unin-

‘ unintelligible Phrases, before he could
‘ make any Breach in her Affections; I
‘ drew the Lines of Circumvallation,
‘ said he, with a few heavy-heel’d Syl-
‘ logisms, which I supported with a
‘ File of Veteran Apothegms, then I
‘ pim’d her up with a Party of Demon-
‘ strations, but was at last forc’d to
‘ storm the Centre of her main Body
‘ with half a Dozen Distichs out of
‘ *Ovid*. But he soon grew tir’d of his
‘ Consort; For she was not content
‘ to speak her Opinions only, but would
‘ obtrude them upon every Body else,
‘ insomuch that I’ve heard him say she
‘ has labour’d a whole Day in Defence
‘ of a Conjunction, and that they
‘ had like to have parted Beds once for
‘ an Interjection; she wou’d teach her
‘ Servants when to plow from *Virgil*,
‘ and her eldest Son how to write Love-
‘ letters from *Ovid*; and little Master
‘ must ask Blessing in *Latin*; she is so
‘ exact a Lover of Regularity, that she
‘ won’t so much as blow her Nose, or
‘ buckle her Shoes, without producing
‘ Authority for’t, and dines every Day
‘ at One precisely, according to *Flam-
‘ stead’s Equation-Tables*. One of her
‘ Prime Ministers had liken to have
‘ been

' been in Disgrace lately for an Impro-
 ' priety, and her Footman was actually
 ' under a Cloud a great while for a false
 ' Concord; and she once told me with
 ' a good deal of Concern, she had often
 ' lamented she cou'd not give her little
 ' Dog *Cue* a Taste of the Liberal Scien-
 ' ces. She imbibes the Oddities of all
 ' the Authors she reads, which makes
 ' her Conversation as whimsically vari-
 ' ous as a Taylor's Doublet. I have
 ' heard her raise a Storm in *Hyperbole*,
 ' and scold in a Shower of *Metaphors*,
 ' thunder in *Hyperbaton*, and weep in
 ' *Apostrophe*; she'll ridicule her Husband
 ' thro' all *Moods* and *Tenses*, but gene-
 ' rally chuses to talk to him in the *Im-*
 ' *perative*. She entertains the Ladies
 ' with a Piece of Criticism upon *Ho-*
 ' *mer*, and the Squires with a Comment
 ' upon the *Latin* Testament. I have
 ' prescrib'd some Rules, at my Friend's
 ' Request, which I hope may recover
 ' her from this dangerous Distemper.
 ' 1st, After a little Phlebotomy, and the
 ' Use of Catharticks, reduce her from
 ' the Amplification which she most de-
 ' lights in to the Laconick. 2^{dly}, De-
 ' sire her to read over the Character of
 ' the Woman ἐκ μελιωρης in *Simonides*.
 3^{dly}, For:

' 3dly, Forbid her the use of the Words
 ' Delicacy, Sublime, &c. and teach her
 ' half a dozen plain Sentences every Day:
 ' 4thly, Because she has a great Vene-
 ' ration for Antiquity, tell her the *Ante-*
 ' *diluvian* Ladies were great Housewives,
 ' and that *Sappho* herself kept a Dairy.
 ' 5thly, Take away her *Aristotle*, and
 ' give her a Bible; and if all this won't
 ' do, I must recommend her to a dark
 ' Room, and clean Straw.

N^o 54. Saturday, February 23.

Ἡ ἀρετὴ δὴ μάλα πάντες ἀμαρτίνουσι πελόμεθα
 Ἀνθρώποι φέρμεν ὃ Θεῶν ἐτερόρροπα δῶρα
 Ἀρεαδίει κρεαδίη. Rhianus.

SO full of Error and Frailty is humane
 Nature, that it makes us repay Hea-
 ven but ill for the Blessings bestow'd,
 and drives us on repining at the Allot-
 ments of Providence, when they either
cross our Schemes of *imaginary Happiness*,
 or *disappoint* our *Wishes*. The Course of
 our Joys cannot be restrain'd, or the A-
 varice of our Appetites check'd, without
 our.

our Dissatisfaction, and Murmuring at Fate. The Insolence of our Complaints, when Expectations are frustrated, looks as we had a Right of *capitulating* with our *Maker*, or that an *Almighty Being* could rob the *Creatures of his Hands*.

The Causes of our Discontent are as numerous as they are unreasonable; but Nothing makes us worse Men, and worse Christians, than the Death of a Relation or intimate Friend. This is a Case in which we generally give a Loose to Impatience, and suffer neither Reason nor Religion to reduce us to a Temper. Our Passions are immediately alarm'd at the Severity of our Fate, and we call up a thousand Ideas of Dearness in the Person lost to aggravate our Misfortune. Memory seldom fails to give a Supply to our Sorrow, but holds the Glass to Imagination while we dwell on our Resentments. It would certainly correct the Intemperance of our Grief, if we would but consult the State of Nature, and leave common Sense to reflect on our Folly: And since all must dye, sooner, or later, why should we consider that our Friends are taken first, and not think at the same time that We Ourselves are repriev'd to a farther Day?

We

We have Lessons enough in our Divines, Philosophers, and Moralists, to teach us *Resignation*; but we are too stubborn to lend an Ear to *Wisdom*, or let the Knowledge of our *Duty* contradict our *Passion*. I never read that excellent Passage in *Shakespear*, where the King counsels *Hamlet* to forget his *dead Father*, but I admire the Poet for his Eloquence, and the Justness of his Instruction: You have lost a Father, says He in other Words, but 'tis no more than that Father lost before You; and the Survivor is bound, in filial Obligation, to pay for some Term obsequious Sorrow:

But to persevere,
In obstinate Condolence, is a Course
Of Impious Stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly
Grief;

It shews a Will most incorrect to Heav'n,
A Heart unfortified, a Mind impatient,
An Understanding simple, and unschool'd:
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar Thing to Sense,
Why should we, in our peevish Opposition,
Take it to Heart? — Fye! 'tis a Fault to
Heav'n,

A Fault against the Dead, a Fault to Nature,
To Reason most absurd, whose common Theme

Is

*Is Death of Fathers; and who still bath cry'd,
From the first Coarse to His that dy'd to Day,
This must be so.*

I was put into this Tract of Thinking by a Visit that I receiv'd from the good old *Trebonius*; When he enter'd my Room, he pull'd out his Handkerchief, and wiping his Eyes, desir'd Me to forgive the Weakness of his Age, and allow some Tears to the Fondness of a Father. *Lucius*, says He, is no more; and yet I grieve not so much for the loss of a Son, as that poor *Marcia* will grow distracted for so dear a Husband: I have now left her in all the Agonies of Affliction, and came for You to go and join with Me in the necessary Office of Consolation; for I cannot urge an Argument of Comfort, e'er her Grief becomes contagious, and Nature disappoints the Force of my Counsel.

I needed not many Perswasions to prevail with me to attend him, in Prosecution of what became a Christian as well as Friend. When we came to his Door, the Servant that let us in had his Eyes full of the Misfortune in the Family; and the Nurse, that met us at the Stairs-head, only saluted us with a dumb Sorrow.

row. We found the disconsolate *Marcia* in her Chamber, sitting on the Bed, and grasping the cold Hand of One who now was insensible of her Tenderness. Betwixt every Pause of Tears, she fed her Grievs with the Perusal of his Face; and seem'd by her Motions, holding Discourse with Thought, and recounting the Happiness she had tasted in his Society.

So fully was she employ'd on the Object of her Grief, that our entering the Room was no Interruption to her; 'till *Trebonius* approaching her gently, cry'd, Daughter, you converse too much with that Scene of Death; turn your Eyes from the fruitless Watching of a Husband, whom you cannot aid, to a Father who lives to want your Care; and who expects from you that Tenderness which will make him forget that he has lost a Son. See, *continued he*, I have brought a Friend to second me in this Suit, to whose Advice you ever paid a peculiar Regard. He will teach you, how wrong these Transports of Passion are; and how much they offend Heaven, and call your Conduct in question. As he nam'd Me, she lifted up her languid Eyes, and bowing her Body, burst
into

into a fresh Flood of Tears. I stood dumb a while, as knowing, when the Passions are in their Height, how vain it is to resist 'em. I waited 'till the Storm was a little overblown, and then, Madam, *said I*, I am sorry to counsel you on this Occasion; and could wish you would permit your own Sense to prescribe, what all your Friends must press you to pursue. Can this Profusion of Tears avail you ought, or immoderate Grief recal the Spirit, that now is fled to its allotted Place, and must no more dwell with Earth and Corruption? Your own Health you may impair, his Life you never can restore. If you have been happy in the Possession of that Person, whose Body now is breathless and inanimate, be thankful to that indulgent Power who trusted you with so much Comfort, and be grateful in returning it on his Demand, without murmuring at the Shortness of the Blessing.

At the Conclusion of my Sentence, *Marcia* threw her self weeping on the Bed; and embracing the Limbs of her dead Husband, Yes, *says she*, I know I must part with these dear Remains; Earth, and Darkness are now their Portion;

tion; I know too that my Sorrows are useless, and unreasonable: But can I forget the Endearments of his Love? Must the Remembrance of our mutual Satisfaction all be buried with him in the Grave? Is it not Ingratitude at once to shake off the Images of Pleasures, and not shed some Tears in Tribute to their Memory?

The Tears and Arguments of this fair Mourner, in spite of my Philosophy, almost convinc'd me, that Wisdom and Resolution are but Names, and Passion will have its Force on our Souls: We must be form'd more perfect by Nature, or indulg'd in the Frailties she is compos'd of. However we may talk of Comfort and Resignation, when we lose our Friends, we have inward Sentiments which will make us say with *Macduff*,

*I cannot but remember such Things were,
That were most precious to Me.*

Tuesday,

N^o 55. *Tuesday, February 26.*

Qui didicit PATRIÆ quid Debeat——
Horace.

I Have often wonder'd for what Reason the Character of the *Roman Atticus* is so much celebrated by the Writers not only of his own Age, but made a sort of a Pattern to be copied by wise Men in future Generations. For my self, I own, that tho' in the reading of his History I have always admir'd his Personal Virtues, yet I could never have any good Opinion of his Conduct with regard to that Republic of which he was a Member. *Atticus* was considerable by his Birth, by his Learning, and his Fortune; so many concurring Circumstances hardly ever met in one *private* Person, to make him of Use and Importance to *Society*; and yet thus qualify'd, thus bless'd, in every Particular that could contribute to that great End, he still acted within a narrow Compass, was contented with doing some little Services

vices in peculiar Friendships, and a few ostentatious Actions of Popularity. Every one knows in what Scene of Affairs this Man appeared, in a Contest, between Ambition and Virtue, between Liberty and Tyranny, and in one Word between an Absolute and a Free Government. In such a Situation of Affairs, he who was personally lov'd and admir'd by every one, but most by the Friends to that Form of Government which the opposite Party were endeavouring to subvert, behaves himself with a calm Indifference to either, sometimes retiring from his Country in the midst of its Calamities, and sometimes sitting an idle untouch'd Spectator, without offering a helping Hand to the Cause in which his Heart was concern'd. The very Topic which the Ancients endeavour to recommend him upon, and build all his Praises upon that Foot, is his greatest Disgrace. They tell you what a Master he must needs have been of Human Nature, to manage it so dexterously as to be well with the *Chiefs* of the *contending* Parties, to be reverenc'd by both, and now and then, by a mix'd Interest, be able to do some Kindness to a Brave or Virtuous Man on either side. But this
was

was not acting up to the Duty of a *Roman*, it was at best but a cold, tame Virtue, a fearful Disposition of Mind, which would not forfeit its Tranquility, or hazard the least Part of a Philosopher, his Fortune, at a Time when he ought to have parted with Life it self for the Preservation of his Country. For let us only put the Question, that he had engaged on the Side of the *Republic*, what a Weight and Influence must a Man of his Character and Popularity have put in the Scale against the Power that was then usurping upon all *Law, Right, and Freedom*? If the Fate of Empires are not to be trac'd, yet Human Probability gives us to believe, that he might have gone a great way towards the preventing the Destruction of *Rome*, and at least (and if it were no more, that it self had been Glory enough) might have kept *Tyranny* at Bay for some time, if not hunted it quite down. Instead of which you have seen already what was his Conduct.

I must take the Liberty to draw a Consequence from hence that regards our selves, and in particular Us, who pretend to inform Others, that an **INDIFFERENCE** in a Day of common Danger to our *Country* is of all others the most

stupid and not-to-be-forgiven Crime. I confess that while the Debate among us seem'd more to consist in *Names* than any real *Things*, I thought a Man might sit easy under either of our *Political Distinctions*. While the Dispute seem'd to be, whole Principles tended but to promote the Interest of their *Country*, and do the justest Honours to the *Person* of their *Sovereign*, then indeed a wise Man might rather be pleas'd at the Emulation, than concern himself in the Strife. But when the Difference lyes between the Faithful Subject and the Actual REBEL, the firm *Patriot* and the profess'd *Foe* to his Country; in short, between a *Popish* and a *Protestant* Line, then to be Indifferent is to be justly suspected of being *Guilty*.

To carry this Matter a little farther: Perhaps, there has never been such a Scene open'd as has lately in our own Nation, which ought to awaken every Man of common Sense to stand up for the Defence of that Community, by which he enjoys the Rights of an *Englishman*. Some weak Pleas indeed, fit to satisfy a few Women, have been offered for the late *Rebellion*, but what can be said for a *Swedish Invasion*? Had some Measures

sures succeeded, which were once in Agitation, this Nation might have had a little Satisfaction, in being subdued at least by a *Polite People*; but to fling up our Liberties to a Race of *Slaves*, and be the *Servants of Servants*, is a Curse that never was presaged but to the most unhappy and abandoned Part of the *Creation*. And yet so it is, that in this Juncture of Affairs, when the most Authentick and Publick Evidence has been given of such a monstrous Design, Numbers among us either distrust the Truth, or seem contented to expect Conviction in a Scene of Death and Destruction. It is almost unaccountable that private Malice and Resentment should work People up to give away the dearest Things to them in the World into any Hands, but those which would keep them inviolable to themselves, and perpetuate them to their Posterity. If it were not attended with fatal Consequences, it would make a Scene of Humour to hear how differently these real Terrors affect the different Disaffections of our present Set of *Male-Contents*. The Grave *Politician*, upon the reading Count *Gyllenborg's* Letters, tells you it does not appear the *King of Sweden* was concern'd in the Project,

that he is at Liberty to own or disown it, without once reflecting what terrible Effects desperate Arms and *Enthusiasm* would have among a divided People. The angry Man, who is the Bully in *Politics*, only takes hold of that Occasion, to celebrate the Courage and Conduct of that *Prince*, and never forgets the Battel of *Nerva*, to inform you, as he thinks, how near you might have been to Chains and Servility. The Country *Squire* hath nothing to say but to damn the Future Taxes, not considering that he would lose All, if his own Hopes were accomplished: In short, the *Stock-Jobber* talks of the Fall of Credit, the *Merchant* of little Disadvantages in Trade, and not one of all these wise Men cast an Eye to the *Public*, or once imagine that a whole Kingdom is at Stake.

If it were possible that any thing I could say could give the true Idea of this Important Concern to my Countrymen, I would lay before 'em the short, but terrible Scheme, projected for our Ruin, as it appears from the printed Letters.

First then let 'em reflect upon a *Foreign Army*, and an *Intestine Rebellion*, both actu-

actuated by a Spirit of Revenge and Despair, destroying and ravaging in a Fair and Plentiful Country. And that this was what we were to expect, is apparent from the Intercourse of the Scheme-Layers, where we find the Sweetness of Revenge more than once mention'd as a Motive on their Side for the Undertaking; and the Fatness of the Land, as a most powerful Inducement for their making a Prey and Spoil of it. Their very Language is in the Stile of the Old *Northern* Swarm of *Robbers*, that were longing to change their Barrenness for Fertility, and their Scarcity for an Abundance.

The next thing that was propos'd, was the reducing us to the Condition of Slaves, and making us fall into the way of the *Nations* round about us. Their Work was not to be done by halves; when they had eaten up and devour'd the best of the Land, they were to leave it in the Possession of a *Creature*, who would have made it ten times more the Seat of Sorrow and Desolation, than the most barbarous Invader could. I need but name that the Pretender is a *Papist*, and every Body knows what Havock a Bigot in that Religion would make in a Protestant Country.

Let 'em next reflect by what means this Project was to be brought to bear, and this we are obliged to one of our own Countrymen for, whose Advice *Count Gyllenborg* follow'd. There is one whole Letter which gives us a full Detale of this worthy Man's Instructions: I shall transcribe one Part of the Letter.

“ For what remains, added he, I entirely agree, that the maintaining of
 “ the *Church of England* ought to be one
 “ Topick in the King of *Sweden's* Ma-
 “ nifesto. This is the more necessary,
 “ because it would serve to settle the
 “ Minds of such of our Party as are di-
 “ sturb'd about the *Chevalier's* Religion.
 “ His *Swedish Majesty* would likewise
 “ act in his own known Character, which
 “ is to be on all Occasions solicitous for
 “ the Welfare of the Protestant Religion.

Such was the Scheme, the End, and the Means, that our Enemies propos'd for our Destruction. The Exchange was, a Foreign Invader for a Rightful Governour, an Abandon'd Outlaw for a Just Monarch, and utter Subversion of all Law, Right, and Liberty, for *Justice, Freedom, and a Legal Church and Constitution.*

Thursday,

N^o 56. *Thursday, February 28.*

Flectere si nequeunt. Superos, Acheronta movebunt.
Virgil.

I Foresaw the Storm that my Paper of *Tuesday* last would raise upon me; but wrapping my self up in my Integrity, I heard it whistle by me with more Noise, than Effect upon my Temper or my Person. Reproach from one Side is the common Consequence of declaring for the Other, and I knew the Nature of those whom I should make my Enemies, too well to expect any Favour at their Hands. They are a Set of People whose Inventions are quick and lively in the Birth of Scandal, and every Avenue of their Senses and Understandings barred up against Truth and Information. They do not only make a Lye, but, in the Language of the holy Scripture, *love it*; they are not only the Masters of the Mint in this debased Coinage, but the Propagators of it too, and deliver it from Hand to Hand with the Con-

fidence that only belongs to the Currency of true Sterling. The worst of it is, that in dealing with this kind of Cattle a Man of Reason cannot tell how to behave himself; for he who will dispute Principles that are Self-evident because they are against him, and oblige you to believe Contradictions because they seem to make for him, is no more to be argued with than a Madman or a Whirlwind. For the downright Calumny which has been honour'd with the Title of Secret History among these Men, it is nothing but a plain Declaration of an Inability to support themselves any other way. He who in common Discourse quits the Argument, to give ill Words, openly betrays the Badness of his Cause, and all his Business is to lead his Adversary into a Digression of the same kind, that he may forget to prosecute his Victory. The same Trap is laid, and with the same View, in Political Disputes with Men of this Complexion: To Rail with an Air of Boldness is with them to Answer, and to be positive in Falshood is Demonstration. It is entertaining enough, to see a *Publisher* of this fashionable Ware among a Knot of his Friends in the Angle of

a Room, opening his Box of Scandal, and retailing his Commodities to his Audience, who take all upon trust as certain Truth, by being assured of the good Inclinations of the Vender. After the Conclusion of some notable Forgery fresh from the Mint, he pulls out a *Paper of dull Verses*, which pass with as much Applause as the Satires of a *Dorset* or a *Dryden* would among People of a refin'd Taste. But when the *Will* is once viciated, the *Understanding* always comes in for a Share of the Infection; and it has been my Observation, That Disaffection to the Government, and Stupidity, go Hand in Hand, and agree in the same Persons. It is from this Principle of Wishing ill, that Nonsense becomes sanctified, that the Wit of a *Fox-hunter* is repeated thro' a whole Village, and the *Sayings* of a *Nonjuror* quoted as *Gospel* thro' Twenty Clubbs in an Evening. I would not be thought to affirm, that all Sense and Wit is confin'd within the Latitude of one Side; but what scandalizes me, is, that those Performances which, abstracted from Party, every sensible Man would condemn, should be meritorious even in the lowest Dullness, for the Sake of their Treason

and their Impudence. We are come to a fine Pass indeed, when the Standards of Right and Wrong, of Sense and Nonsense, must be alter'd in Compliance to a false Political Principle. I wish them much Joy with their Authors — And am heartily glad that I am fall'n into their Disgrace, whose Praise an honest Man ought to be ashamed of. They have taken the surest Method to keep up a Sett of Scriblers whose Talents exactly are level to their Cause; for when a Blockhead hears himself commended for his Stupidity, it is a Confirmation to Nature, and he will drudge on in the heavy Tract where he first set out.

I told my Reader before, that I have had the good Luck to purchase their Hatred, and I am as proud of it as *Virgil* or *Horace* could be of the Ill-will of *Bavius* and *Mævius*. My Offence he knows already, and I shall take this Opportunity of presenting him with a few *Specimens* of their Resentment, as they are contain'd in the following *Letters*. The first comes from no less than Five Ladies, and the Hand-writing, as well as the Compliments, plainly testify their good Breeding.

S I R,

S I R,

“ **Y**OU a *Cenfer*, you a *Bloccead*!
 “ Pray now what have you to
 “ do with Count *Gully-berg*’s Letters?
 “ You had better let ’em alone, for we
 “ will never read one more of your *Cen-*
 “ *fers*, tho’ we always dud before. If
 “ you had not been a Fool you might
 “ have commanded

ISABELLA,
CORINNA,
PHILLIS,
MARIA,
ANNA.

Heaven knows what Favours I have
 escap’d by disobliging these Ladies; but
 I will recommend them to my next
 Correspondent, who is one I am sure in
 their good Graces, and by the Gravity
 of his Stile may be a *Preacher*——

Mr. CENSOR,

“ **I** Have read some of your Papers
 “ upon Subjects of Morality and Di-
 “ vinity, which not only pleased me,
 “ but several others, whose good Opi-
 “ nion you ought to value. We were
 “ in hopes, from so fair a Beginning,
 “ that

“ that instead of engaging in Politics,
 “ you would have turned your Thoughts
 “ to combat with Irreligion and Pro-
 “ phaneness, and in particular have drawn
 “ your Pen upon the Adversaries of our
 “ *Church*; You are sensible what Cre-
 “ dit other Writers of great Name
 “ have lost by the Method which you
 “ have fallen into; my Advice is that
 “ you would stop your Hand, and re-
 “ deem the good Opinion of many, as
 “ well as of

Your Friend,

ECCLESIASTICUS.

I must be very plain with my Friend
Ecclesiasticus, by telling him, that what
 I have advanced is much more to the
 real Service of the *Church*, than any
 Arguments I could draw in its Defence
 against my *Fellow-Protestants*. We are
 not to quarrel about Matters of lesser
 Importance, and waste our Time and
 Strength in Domestic Disputes, when
 our common Enemy has given us warn-
 ing that he is at the Door, against whom
 our united Powers are required by all
 the Laws both of Religion, and Soci-
 ety. What I have said is only a bare
 Re-

Repetition of Matter of Fact, as it appears from plain Evidence, that our common Enemy was resolved to make Use of any Means to compleat our Destruction; to blind us with the *Name of Church*, in order to over-turn it; to make use of the Arms of a desperate *Protestant*, to fix *Popery* in these Kingdoms. I there laid down the Scheme by which our Enemies proposed to Work, and I wonder what *Englishman* this could offend. But I must now go farther——

We have often heard of Countries conquer'd after a noble Opposition of its Inhabitants; we have heard too, of the sordid Treachery of Men selling their *Birth-rights*, and bartering of Freedom for Money: but we have now an extraordinary Instance of a more scandalous Baseness of Spirit. Our Nation, to its Disgrace, harbours a Generation that are so fond of their Ruin, that they would purchase it at any Rate, pay down *ready Money* for Fetters, and care not who puts 'em on, so they have the Happiness of wearing them. To what strange Lengths will an Obstinacy in civil Principles carry an infatuated People, so as even to make them act the Reverse to
the

the plainest Dictates of Nature; and whereas a Manumission from Bondage was ever thought a glorious Purchase at any rate, they would bid as high to have the Yoke imposed upon them.

And now truly to set this in a plain Light, and give a just View of such abominable Practices, must be interpreted to be the Effect of *Party*, and not of Perswasion. They would have us lulled asleep in the midst of the Tempest, while they stood to enjoy a precarious Share in the Shipwrack. But if to love our Country, to defend its Liberties, and expose its Enemies, to have a due Veneration for a *Protestant Church*, and a *Protestant Race of Princes*, be to be of a *Party*, in such a *Party* every *Englishman* ought to live and die.



Saturday;

N^o 57. *Saturday, March 2.*

Qui cum Ingeniis conflictatur Ejusmodi.
Ter.

I Thought it but reasonable to suspend the Pleasure of entertaining my Reader, whilst the Defence of my *Country* and *Constitution* kept me in View of a Subject, which as an honest Man could not help treating of, so he ought to lament that ever any *Briton* should have given Occasion for it. As it often happens with a Man of much Business, that in the Multiplicity of his Affairs, some One thing happens upon which the Whole turns, which he attentively regards, and pursues without Relation to Particulars, that at the same time depend upon it: So has it been with Me, who, in the Hurry of opening Boxes, settling the Philosophical, Moral, and Polite Part of the World, have met with an Accident that turn'd my Style from the design'd Drift of my Paper, and made me find more Fools in Politics

ticks than I ever expected to shew the Town, in the Common Intercourses of Conversation and Humour.

If any one Man pleases to be particularly ridiculous, his Folly lays without the Compass of my Observation: The Town knows him as soon as I do; and in a short Time he grows a *Show* to no body but the Inhabitants of a Country Village. These Points of Singularity are so much out of the Sphere of a good Writer, that they ought not to be taken Notice of; their Follies only existing, like their whimsical Designs upon their Chariots, where a *Cupid* is blotted out to make Room for a *Diana*, a *Neptune* for a *Jupiter*, just as the present Turn of Humour or Passion reigns. But when a whole Herd of Coxcombs appear as ridiculous in asserting, as foolish in drawing Consequences from their ill-founded Maxims, then I must needs own that I look upon them as a *Sett* without *Philosophy*; who may be as dangerous to the Common-wealth of Learning, as if they understood some thing, and had really entertain'd the Precepts of a great Master.

In this View it was that I engag'd with a certain Sett of People, whom I
am

am at a Loss to give a Name to, since they themselves will not own any One, and seem to delight in a Number of *Aliases*'s. I will say no more of them than that they *believe* as they *wish*, and that both their *Belief*, and their *Wishes* alter them with every *Packet-boat*.

These Gentlemen I have made a short Truce with, in Imitation of an old *dead* Monarch, which I intend to break whenever I please; but I assure them I shall not act like Him, but shall chuse rather to meet them when they are best prepar'd, than when they are weak, and unfurnish'd with Offensive, or Defensive Arms. 'Tis their Part to answer for the Interruption of my *Lucubrations*, which, notwithstanding their *impolitick Impertinence*, I shall resume according to the Taste of my general Readers.

Peace then be to their publick Impudence, and their private Scandal! my Pleasure is to give the World a far different Entertainment; to endeavour to please them without writing Nonsense, and speak of my Contemporaries without being guilty of Treason.

The best of my Advice to these angry Men, is, to put themselves in a new Road of Thinking, to divest themselves of Prejudices, and look upon the Scene of Affairs

fairs in the same Manner that a Wise Man would on those of any Government, which he would rather wish to understand than subvert. I have a very great Temptation, here to introduce the beautiful Thought of a Traveller,—but I will leave it to the Reflections of the Wise, and be so kind to the doubtful in Politicks, as not to explain it.

If this Method won't do, I would recommend to them the Practice of a *Correspondent* of mine, who, beginning the World with a good Share of Natural Reason, and no despicable Acquisitions from Reading, had thought in the way of a late Administration. This *Wit*, for I really think him such, had follow'd the Precepts of his Masters, and, with, Arts and Sciences, had imbib'd the unintelligible new-old Doctrine of *Passive Obedience*. At the Height of its Fermentation, (for *Religion* and *Politicks* have their Fits;) I propos'd my sober Considerations, which did not at all relate to the Subject in Dispute, but to something very foreign. While he was talking of *Monarchy*, I talk'd of *Poetry*; while he spoke against *Harry the Eighth*, I commended *Waller* and *Denham*: And whenever he mention'd the Words *Hereditary Right*, my Reply was, that *Jes-*
fery

fery Chaucer was fin'd *Two Shillings* for beating a *Fryer* in the Temple. This whimsical way of arguing produc'd an Effect, which I am proud of mentioning; for says the Gentleman to himself, it is to no Purpose to view how Things stand with Respect to the different Societies of Mankind; the true Knowledge must be gather'd by going backward, and by considering how Objects were either represented to our Eyes at their first Creation, or as now they appear to us. He promis'd me that he would begin his Searches into Humane Nature, describing exactly every thing as it appear'd till he came to Political Societies. He had a very good Vein in *Poetry*, and about the last Spring he took an Occasion to prove it, by sending me the following Description, which, I think, has all the *Turn*, *Elegancy*, and *Tenderness* which we *Criticks* say is requir'd in a *mix'd Pastoral*. It is call'd

The *S P R I N G*.

W*Hen now December's wintry Storms*
were o'er,
And all the chilly Northwinds ceas'd to roar;
When gentle Breezes from the Ocean rose,
The Spring's returning Beauties to disclose;

*To see gay Nature in her flowry Pride
Fond Damon sat, and Phillis at his Side.*

*The Setting Sun began to gild the Skies,
When the fair Landscape lay before their Eyes;
Here Forests cloath'd with sprouting Leaves
were seen,
And the gay Meadows in a brighter Green.
The infant Buds here met the ravish'd Sight,
That burst their Rinds, and peep'd to see the
Light;*

*In lovely Crimson here the Flow'rs display
An infant Blush, and open to the Day.
Mean-while a purer Ray adorns the Skies,
Hills, Streams, and Woods in shining
Prospects rise,
And Nature's youthful Face in gay Dis-
order lies.*

*When now the Shepherd and the Nymph
were warm'd
With the gay Prospect that so long had
charm'd,
The Shepherd that had often strove, in vain,
With studied Skill the Virgin's Heart to gain,
Half buoy'd with Hope, half sinking in De-
spair,*

In these bold Terms address'd the melting Fair.

*Bright Nymph, thou see'st the Glories of
the Year,*

*An Emblem of thy lovely Self, appear;
You*

*You wear the Virgin Blushes of the Rose,
Which in your Cheek with deeper Crimson
glows:*

*Yet whilst the Spring thus revels in your Face,
Why still shou'd Winter in your Heart take
Place,*

*How can that undissolving Ice appear,
And yet the Sunshine of your Eyes so near?
Know, Nymph, the Colours of that Face will
fade,*

*As ev'n the vernal Sun will cast a Shade.
Then let not modest Coyness lose the Time,
But crop the lovely Blossom in its Prime,
For other Roses with the Year are born,
The Budding Flow'rs revolving Seasons bring;
But, Nymph, the Roses which thy Cheeks
adorn,*

Once faded, never know a second Spring.

N^o 58. *Tuesday, March 5.*

*Figuras, Fortunâsq; hominum in alias Ima-
gines conversas, & in se rursùm mutuo
nixu refectas, ut mireris, hic exordior.
Apuleius.*

THERE is no greater Instance of
the Age's Bent to Hypocrisy, or of
our Inclinations of appearing what we
are

are not, than that strong Affection with which People of all Degrees are carried to a *Masquerade*. One would reasonably think we met with *Pageantry* and *Disguise* enough in common Life, not to seek them out in these studied Representations. And yet, I must own, there are such Conveniences in the *Design* of this *Diversion*, that I am not surpriz'd at the Numbers that come into it. In such a Convention, a grave and cautious *Statesman* may play the *Scaramouch* without the Apprehension of being discover'd; and an amorous, and profligate, *Libertine* make his *sober* Address in the *Robes* and *Sanctity* of a *Fanatick* Teacher.

It would, perhaps, have puzzled *Ovid*, who has describ'd so many Changes in Form and Fortune, to recount the *Metamorphoses* made by this one Scene of *Mummery*. How many fanciful Beaus of *six Foot high* have condescended, on this Occasion, to return to a *Bib* and *Apron*, a *Rattle* and *Leading-strings*? How many *Noblemen* have set aside their Dignity, and open'd an Amour in the Habit of a *Coal-heaver*? How many *modest* Beauties have been transform'd to *Venetian Courtezans*, and *Ladies of Pleasure* conceal'd
their

their Profession by appearing *Nymphs* of *Diana*?

It is unaccountable to think how many Appointments have been broke, and Visits denied, from a necessary Preparation for the late Masquerade: The Heads of young *Coquets* have been entirely taken up with the Invention of Dresses: And the *Filles de Chambre* to the *Play-houses*, no doubt, have been consulted, and the *Wardrobes* ransack'd to furnish out the Equipage. *Chloris* has actually quarrell'd with *Emilia*, once her Favourite, only for falling into the same Fancy of Ornaments: and *Myrtillo* had like to have challenged *Sabinus*, only for discovering the Intention of his Garb.

Were it possible one could know the Motives which carried every individual Person to this Recreation, they might be found as various as the Habits seen there. We should discover many who went only with Views of Pleasure, as Many to satisfy the Curiosity of their Minds, and not a Few purely for Fashion-sake, and an Opportunity of talking of it. *Cimber* is a Spy on the Levities of the Company; *Clodius* goes thither only to gratify his Vice, and whisper Obscenities to the Fair in a Disguise; *Flavia*,
who

who hopes to discover her Gallant by his Mien or Tone of Voice, comes resolv'd to watch what Addresses he makes, and reproach him with his Falshood; whilst *Gallus*, who knows his Wife to be pretty sanguinely inclin'd, follows her at a Distance to observe the Force of her Attractions, and her Reception of Civilities.

I fancy had these *Midnight Revels* been practis'd in the Times either of *Lucian* or *Petronius*, they would have expos'd them with the utmost Pleasantry; and should some Author of Spirit arise in a distant Age, (when the Memory of them shall only be kept up by Tradition) and think fit to take Notice of such a Custom, he must give an Account as odd, as entertaining, to his Contemporaries. If I may be allow'd without Vanity to prosecute this Hint, let my Readers suppose themselves in that distant *Æra*, and imagine their Historians would touch this Point in the following Manner.

“ About this Time a certain Diver-
 “ sion got footing in *England*, which
 “ was call'd a *Masquerade*; it was some-
 “ times introduc'd, and carry'd on at the
 “ Expence of a *Foreign Ambassador*:
 “ Sometimes undertaken by a private
 “ Person

“ Person of Interest, who us’d to sol-
 “ licite the Nobility, and gay Part of
 “ the Gentry, to support the Charge of
 “ it by *Subscription*. When another En-
 “ tertainment languish’d in that Country,
 “ which they call’d *Italian Opera’s*, (a
 “ sort of Drama, wherein Love was
 “ made in Tune, and repeated to the
 “ Sound of Harpsichords and Fiddles;)
 “ the *Theatre*, in which those *Opera’s*
 “ were perform’d, was occasionally turn’d
 “ into one large Room for the purpose of
 “ the *Masquerade*. Some have conceiv’d
 “ this Sport of a Kind with that *Aphro-*
 “ *disian* Festival in *Greece*, which was so
 “ solemnly celebrated in Honour of *Ve-*
 “ *nus*: But I do not care to decide too
 “ rashly on those polite Times. What,
 “ perhaps, might give Room to a Su-
 “ spicion of this Nature, was the Cu-
 “ stom of regaling the Company with
 “ *Jellies*, candid *Eringoes*, and other
 “ sweet Provocatives, together with the
 “ most generous *Wines*, which were
 “ drank by every one at Pleasure.

“ It must have been very diverting to
 “ have had a View of these *Masqueraders*,
 “ they seldom appearing with their own
 “ Faces, or in the Habit of their Coun-
 “ try. The most jocose or frightful

“ Disguises were look’d upon to be of
 “ most Merit; and those the best equip-
 “ ped, who could conceal their Sex and
 “ Years. Degrees and Qualities were
 “ promiscuously mix’d, without any
 “ Cognizance or Distinction from Dress
 “ and Finery. Persons of the highest
 “ Birth and Stations used frequently to
 “ be cloath’d in *Liveries*, with *Shoulder-*
 “ *knots*: And those of middle Rank, as
 “ their Vanity generally made them a-
 “ spire, would resemble *Indian Kings*,
 “ and *Roman Consuls*. It was not with-
 “ out Precedent for a *Blue Garter* to be
 “ lost in a *Chimney-Sweeper*; nor for a
 “ *Lady of the Bed-Chamber* to sink into
 “ a *Kitchen-Wench*. ’Tis unreasonable to
 “ expect I should now be very precise
 “ in summing up the Fancies of the Ha-
 “ bits then in Vogue, every one’s Ima-
 “ gination serving for his own Dress;
 “ but ’tis certain there were several who
 “ assum’d the Characters of *Harlequins*,
 “ *Lawyers*, *Quakers*, *Flora’s*, *Hayma-*
 “ *kers*, &c.

“ Tradition is likewise pretty dark in
 “ the Account of their *Conduct*, and the
 “ *Liberties* of their *Conversation*: Some
 “ Records, of what Credit I have not ex-
 “ amin’d, speak with much Freedom on
 “ this

“ this Head: and mention an Accom-
 “ modation of *private Rooms*, and *Couches*
 “ plac’d behind the *Arras*. I have some-
 “ where met with a Summary of those
 “ Intrigues, consummated at these *Mas-*
 “ *querades*, which by some Carelessness
 “ of the Parties concern’d were blown
 “ to the World. As it only mentions
 “ a *Venus* retiring with a *Bishop*, and a
 “ *Wood Nymph* caught in the Embraces
 “ of a *Sow-gelder* ; and such mysterious
 “ Descriptions as leave us at a Loss for
 “ *Names* and *Persons*, ’tis to be hop’d
 “ the Reputations of those imprudent
 “ Lovers were safe and unblemish’d.
 “ Whether these Amours were real, or
 “ concerted by the Malice and Censori-
 “ ousness of that Age, is not material
 “ to my Account ; and however faulty
 “ they might have been, I have always
 “ held it an honest Maxim,—— *de Mor-*
 “ *tuis nil nisi bonum*.

“ I have but one Remark to make,
 “ which is, that this ludicrous Amuse-
 “ ment took place at a Juncture when
 “ that Nation was harrafs’d by Two
 “ opposite Factions; and when a Wri-
 “ ter, who assum’d the Title of a *CEN-*
 “ *SOR*, animadverted, as we must sup-

“ pose, on all such publick Occur-
 “ rences.

Thus, I say, it is not impossible that Posterity may talk of this Diversion, at a Distance when they have only imperfect Notions of its Meaning and Humour: Tho’ I do not depend my own Name will survive to stand recorded with such an Entertainment.

N° 59. *Thursday, March 7.*

---*Quæres in se neque Consilium, neque Modum
 Habet ullum, eam Consilio regere non potes.*

Ter.

OF all the Passions which take place in Humane Nature, we may allow that *Love* makes the strongest Impressions: And its Influences which are so sudden, are often lasting too, which seldom happens with the other Perturbations of the Mind. We can much better account for the Rise of our *Anger* or *Jealousie*, our *Hatred* or *Admiration*, than for that of this uneasy, pleasing Guest, that steals in at our Eyes, and takes

takes Possession of our Hearts. There are some certain Causes which must equally provoke every Man to Rage, allowing only for the Difference of Constitutions; as there are Circumstances which must as generally produce Suspicions. There are Tempers and Objects which are liable to common Antipathy, and Detestation; as there are Others which the whole World agrees to admire. But, this one *fantastick* Passion, Love, differs, as to its Causes and Effects, in every single Person who harbours it in his Bosom.

We have had some who have attempted to give Reasons for the Emotions proceeding from Contrariety of Sexes, and the Power of Harmony and Symmetry as they exert their different Powers on our Souls. It is not strange to Me, that a fine Complexion, a Gracefulness of Mein, and excellent Turn of Shape should produce Desire; or the Artillery of a brisk commanding Eye oblige Us to a Surrender; but it puzzles the Understanding, to see Men doating sometimes on *Deformity*; and surpriz'd into an Amour, where there seems an Impossibility of *Attraction*.

This Difficulty may, perhaps, be easily solved, from an Object assuming a Quality from the Texture of the Eye that views it; or a certain Sympathy in Humour, or Constitution: But shall we as readily answer for the violent *Effects* of this allow'd *Affection*? 'Tis absurd to Reason, that a single *Glance* from the Woman we admire should put a *Restraint* on our Conduct; that a *Frown* should have Power to alter the Course of our Resolutions; and that we should submit to Actions, below our Dignity and Character, for the Bribery of a *Smile*.

We are convinc'd however, from the *Wedlock* and *Gallantry* of our Friends, that such are the Influences of this *Imperious Passion*; and that our *Obsequiousness* to a *Wife*, or *Mistress*, too often controuls our Reason and Methods of *Proceeding*. We meet with too many lamentable Wretches in Conversation, who, as we say, *dare not call their Souls their Own*, because their Women are *Mistresses* in too literal a Sense. I have seen a good-natur'd easie Man, that thought no Hurt, put out of the Road of his Discourse by a Female *Monosyllable*, unluckily pronounc'd with an Air of Prohibition: and have known Others

thers retract their Story, and eat their own Words, from a Signal of Displeasure shewn at the beginning of it.

These Effects indeed, tho' the Consequences of an ungovern'd Love, are Arguments of an Imperfection in the Nature of the Man, and Ambition, or at least, Imprudence in that of the Woman. Thus when an humble contented Lover addresses one of these *Magisterial Heroines*, and has confessed his Flame, and Impossibility of surviving without her Pity; he is sure, if she condescends to let him be well with her, to be a *real Slave*, and be fetter'd by every *Caprice* she thinks proper to assume. Neither a Foundation of good Sense, nor a Knowledge of his Folly and Mismanagement can redeem his Conduct, or extricate him from the Power she has once gain'd. Mr. *Dryden* has spoke excellently for these submissive Lovers in his *State of Innocence*, and the following Lines must be acknowledged to contain their Sentiments.

*In Love what use of Prudence can there be?
More perfect I, and yet more pow'rful She!
One Look of hers my Resolution breaks;
Reason it self turns Folly when she speaks;*

*And aw'd by her, whom it was made to sway,
Flatters Her Pow'r, and does its Own betray.*

I cannot fear incurring the Resentments of my Fair Readers for handling a Subject, which seems to strike at the Retrenchment of their Privileges; since, I am sure, the generous Part of them will disdain a Triumph which must be owing to the Weakness of their Lovers. Those who can retain a Heart by the Force of their Charms, need no little Artifices of sounding the Shallows of a Man's Soul to assert their Conquest: And will be above taking Advantages from the Fondness of his Passion to use him ill, or give him a Moment of Disquiet.

The Influence of Love, where we fall into barbarous and unworthy Hands, has made as miserable Men as the most severe Distresses incident to Nature. This is frequently seen in Affairs of Gallantry. The Affections have been so strongly engag'd, that no Indignities from the Party admir'd could wean the Man from an Opinion of her Beauty, or believing, after repeated Affronts, that he was still the Person in Favour.

It is in this Point chiefly I would be thought to condemn the Prepossessions of
Love,

Love, when it leads us, with open Eyes, to our Destruction; and drives us on a Precipice, which we see before us, yet know not how to avoid. The Frailty of Man is never more apparent than in abandoning himself so far to Passion, as not to let his Sense and Reason convince him that he is betray'd by an ungrateful Mistress. Yet Thousands that have paid dearly for the Favours of a mercenary Beauty, have submitted to connive at her Falseness, have known themselves excluded, their Place usurp'd by some more successful Lover, yet have been mean enough to forgive the Injury, and watch the first vacant Hour for a Reconciliation.

I could wish this Weakness had not been follow'd too by some *married Men*, who have known themselves abus'd, yet courted Infamy. An Example of this Indulgence, that is already on Record, may be brought without Prejudice; and this is, in the Conduct of the famous *Moliere*. He was married to a Woman who gave her self those Freedoms, that he could not hear of without blushing at his State. Her Provocations and Infamy grew to that height, that he was obliged to consent to a Separation. He

could not resolve upon it, however, without the greatest Violence committed against his Love. He grew melancholly, and a Friend of his who knew the Cause of it jeer'd him, and told him, He wonder'd that a Man who knew so well how to represent the weak Side of others, should be guilty of a Weakness he himself expos'd every Day: And shew'd him that the most ridiculous of all was to love a Woman, who had no reciprocal Tenderness for him. *Moliere*, who heard his Friend's Lecture quietly enough, ask'd him, Whether he had ever been in Love. Yes, replied the other, *I have been in Love as a Man of Sense ought to be; but I should not have been so much troubled for a Thing which my Honour demanded at my Hands. O*, says *Moliere* again, *I perceive that you have never been a true Lover; but took the Figure of Love for Love it self. As to the Knowledge of Mens Hearts, by the publick Descriptions I daily make of them, I confess that I have made it my chief Study to know their weak Side; but if I have learnt that the Danger may be shun'd, Experience has taught me that 'tis impossible to avoid it. When I consider that I cannot overcome my own Affection for her, I am apt to*
fancy

fancy that, perhaps, she finds it no less difficult to conquer her Inclinations to be a Coquet, and I am more dispos'd to pity than blame her. But do not you wonder that my Reason should serve only to make me sensible of my Weakness, without being able to conquer it?

N^o 60. *Saturday, March 9*

*Æschylus, & modicis instravit Pulpita tignis,
Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique Cothurno.*
Hor.

IT has happen'd that ever since I promis'd to devote *Saturday* to Subjects of the *Stage*, I have been interrupted from my Purpose by Something which I desire my Readers may conclude an *important* Reason. When I intended to establish this Rule to my self, I began with a *Lucubration* on the *old Comedy*; and now I resume it, I shall turn my Thoughts to the *Tragedy* of the *Ancients*.

To give a *Definition* of this Poem would be as superfluous as to tell the World that the *Tragick Poets*, so esteem'd
by

by Antiquity, were *Three* in Number; The Criticks of every Age have more particularly determin'd in favour of *Two* of these; but have labour'd to detract from the Merit of the *Third* by imputing to him that *Unhappy Pomp* of *Language*, which we Moderns call *Fustian*. It may be a Boldness in me (sufficient to incur a fresh Attack from poor *Furius*,) to attempt dissenting so far from a general Opinion, as to draw down this *Third* neglected Poet to a Competition with the Others; and shew, from his Works, that he deserves to stand a Candidate for the *Laurel*.

The Reason that *ÆSCHYLUS* is not so often nam'd as the *Divine SOPHOCLES*, the *Sententious EURIPIDES*, is, that your *Adepts* in Learning have been startled with this Traditional Notion of his *Bombast*, and *Harshness* of *Diction*. But as I have read him, without a *blind* Admiration, I view him as I do my Countryman *SHAKESPEAR*: I can find some Things in him I could wish had been temper'd by a softer Hand; but must own at the same Time, that where he is most *harsh* and *obsolete* he is still *Majestick*.

I have the Judgment of *Dion*, to support me in my Veneration for this Poet, who has said, that *Whatever appears in ÆSCHYLUS of extravagant Grandeur, of antique Rudeness, and of a kind of Stubbornness in Thought and Expression, seems more agreeable to the Manners of those old Heroes* whom he brings on the Scene. I confess, whatever may be the Sentiments of more *Polite* Readers, I am much more inclin'd to take up with this Plea, than quarrel with the Elevation of his Fancy or Expression: And am entirely of a Party with that admir'd Greek Critick, who tells us *that the Sublime Stile, with a great many Defects, is to be preferr'd to the Middle Way however exactly hit.*

I cannot be thought impartial in my Admiration of this *Father of Tragedy*, without a Confession of those other Faults that have been laid to his Charge. It has been objected that he labour'd rather to *astonish* and *terrify* than *entertain* his Audience. It is too late, at least for me, to talk of the *Terrors* of his *Decoration*; the *Fright* occasion'd by his *Chorus of Furies* is too well attested to be denied; and I must acknowledge that *all his Characters* are not
Images,

Images of *fine* Nature. I would however contend, that even where his *Subject* is *Terror*, he has mix'd such masterly Strokes of *Tenderneſs*, as have not been exceeded, if equal'd, by any of his Successors in Tragedy.

I may instance in that Play, which stands *first* in most of his Impressions, the Subject whereof is as follows: *Prometheus*, for stealing Fire from Heaven to animate a Body of his own Formation, draws on himself the Resentments of *Jupiter*, and is by him adjudg'd, for his Punishment, to be bound in Chains to the Mountain *Caucasus*. *Vulcan*, by his Profession, was to execute this dreadful Charge, who, assisted by *Force* and *Strength*, drags *Prometheus* to the Rock. The Description of his Massy Fetters, the Nature of his Punishment, and the Desolation and Inclemency of the Clime, are all Objects of the utmost 'Terror, and from these the Poet has struck out the strongest Pity. The *Address* of *Vulcan* to *Prometheus*, and his Concern for executing the Sentence, seem to me as *pathetick* as any thing I have found either in *SOPHOCLES* or *EURIPIDES*. I have attempted a Translation

lation of this Part, which, tho' it reflect but a faint image of his Beauty or Passion, yet, as I have labour'd to be just to his Sense, will give an Idea of this great Master's Painting.

Vulc. ————— You have hitherto
Obey'd the Royal Charge; nor rests it Ought,
But that my Soul shrinks at this Act of Horror;
To chain a Brother-God! To leave him bound
On that relentless, Tempest-beaten Cliff! —
Yet fatal Force, o'ermaſt'ring tender Thoughts,
Bids me proceed, and rather fear th' Event
Of disobeying Jove. — But, Ob! Prometheus,
Deep-searching Offspring of unerring Themis,
With what unwilling Efforts must I strive
To nail Thee struggling down, in lasting Chains,
To this bleak, lonely Ridge; Where never Form
Of Man shall chear thine Eye, nor Voice thine
Ear.

Ab! What Variety of Wretchedness
Must Thou, forelorn, endure? The scorching
Sun

Shall with his pointed Rays beat on thy Body,
And change to swarthy Hue thy youthful
Bloom;

Till friendly Night upraise her starry Head,
And with chill Dews refresh thy tortur'd Bo-
som.

But soon fierce Fires shall, with returning Day,
(Accurst Viciſſitude!) renew thy Pains.

While

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Ah! What Variety of Wretchedneſs Muſt Thou, forelorne, endure? The ſcorching Sun

Shall with his pointed Rays beat on thy Body, And change to ſwarthy Hue thy youthful Bloom;

Till friendly Night upraiſe her ſtarry Head, And with chill Dews reſreſh thy tortur'd Boſom.

But ſoon fierce Fires ſhall, with returning Day, (Accuſt Viciffitude!) renew thy Pains.

While

*While constant Anguish keeps alive Despair:
 For no Relief, no Comfort is at Hand!
 This have you gain'd for loving Man too well.
 For This, that steep uncomfortable Height
 Must be the rueful Scene of thy Distress.
 Nor shall sweet Sleep, the Wretch's surest
 Friend,
 With soft Oppression weigh thine Eyes to Rest.
 But, fixt in Chains, thou must for ever stand
 A dreadful Instance of Almighty Vengeance!
 And, oh! what Groans in Anguish shalt Thou
 vent,
 Unheard, Unpitied?—*

If this Sample of the Poet shall be allow'd the Character I have given it, I may averr that the Soliloquy of *Prometheus*, which he makes after *Vulcan* has left him, has a double Portion of Fire, as well as Passion.

*Prom. You sacred Æther! and ye winged
 Winds!
 You Springs that feed the Rivers, and ye
 Waves
 That, smiling, in the Ocean rise unnumber'd!
 Thou common Mother, Earth! And O thou
 Sun
 All-seeing, I invoke you All to see
 What from the Gods, my self a God, I suffer.
 Behold*

*Behold my Torments; see the ghastly Wounds
Which I must bear, and struggle with for
Ages:*

*Behold, what cruel and tyrannick Bonds
Your up-start King of Heav'n has heap'd upon
Me.*

*Oh, what I suffer, what must suffer on,
Both press, and overwhelm my Soul.— Oh,
when!*

*When will, ye Pow'rs, that blest Hereafter
come*

*To set me free, and shift this Scene of Woe!
Why do I rave, who exquisitely know
The Truth of Things that must be, and can feel
No unacquainted Ill?—But Ills of Fate
Come with resistless Force; and knowing this,
We ought to bear them well, not bend beneath
'em.*

*But 'tis not possible to speak, nor yet
Be silent on a Theme of Woes like Mine:
Who, while I strove, in vain, to bless Man-
kind,
Heap'd on my Self this Weight of fated Mis-
chief.*

*Expos'd to all th' Inclemencies of Heav'n;
To the keen Blast of Winds, to scorching Suns;
Fix'd, pinion'd down!——*

Tuesday,

N° 61. Tuesday, March 12.

*Occursus hominum, cujus Prudentia monstrat
Summos posse viros,———* Juven.

AS I am obliged, in order to see how the World runs, and gather Observations on the Humours of Mankind, to make one at the Assemblies of the *beau Monde*; I constantly appear once a Day at the *Coffee-houses* in Vogue, and where I expect to meet with most Matter for Speculation. Were it not for these *Diurnal Circulations*, and the *Minutes* which I take from what occurs there, I might find my self sometimes at a Loss for Subjects to supply my Printer in Time; tho' there is eternal Room for Satire and Correction of those Vices and Follies that, *Hydra-like*, sprout up the faster, and more numerous, for being lopp'd.

When I come into a *Coffee-house*, I labour to disguise my Character from the Company by putting on an Air of Inadvertence; and glean up the scatter'd
Papers

Papers from every Table, as if I meant wholly to be taken up with the Contents of *Courants* and *Evening-Posts*. Being seated, and like a profound Politician, with my Coffee half cold, seeming to nod o'er the respective Interests of *Europe*, I have the Advantage of perusing every single Figure that comes to the House without any Views of Business or Information; of settling their Heads with *sober Liquors*, or disturbing them with the Turns and Revolutions of Empires.

As I hunt chiefly after Objects of Entertainment, I avoid those Houses where much Business is transacted in a *Smoke* and *Hurry*; and my Ears are assaulted either with *Reports* and *Demurrs*, or *Stock* and *Transferr*. To be free from this *Jargon*, I take care to resort to those Rooms, where the Society is compos'd of the *gay* and *fashionable*; and where frequent Pannels of Glass seem to multiply the *embroider'd Customers*: tho' these Glasses, to use a Punn of *Shadwell's*, make very *severe Reflections*, when they return but the *Images* of *Shadows*.

To these Polite *Coffee-houses* the Members flock merely to *see*, and *be seen*; and they are Places of *Rendezvous* to the
brocaded

brocaded *Narcissi*, from which they adjourn either to *Pawlet's*, or the *Theatre*. They are a sort of *Drawing-rooms*, where every distinguish'd Guest seems to keep his *Levéé*. Reciprocal Civilities are the chief Things to be remark'd, Grimaces of Satisfaction forc'd from the Conceit of a Courtier's Wit, and Addresses of Compliment instead of Applications of Weight or Moment. The Flutter of these fine Figures makes all common Objects used with Disrespect, and serv'd with Leisure; and as the Smell of *Hercules's* Club was reported, of old, to keep the Dogs and Flies from the Chappel where it was repositied: So the Scent of their Perfumes, and the Glare of their Habits, deter an ordinary *Protestant* from entering to drink a Mug of Gill, and consider the *Postman*.

There is another Rank of *Coffee-Houses*, a little subordinate to these which I have mention'd, where the Customers are not of so *abstracted* a Sett, but that a *Man of Dress*, and a ruddy *Fox-hunter* agree at one Table: At these Resorts, I have often sat with Pleasure to hear the Nation settled, and the Wits arraign'd; and amuse my self with the Variety of Conversation, which is bandy'd

dy'd by every distinct Knot of Talkers. I have heard a Country Squire over his Pipe, at one Corner, sputtering about the *Age* and *Strength* of his *October*; and recommending the *House-wifery* of his Daughter *Penelope*. At another, a Company of *Sparks* praising the Beauty of a *Bar-keeper*; and divided on the important Question, whether She has not One *intimate* Favourite. A Third Clan would be canvassing the *Sermons* and *Conduct* of their *Parson*; while the Fourth has labour'd to explain the Nicety of a Game at *Ombre*.

These disjointed Topicks of Conversation, play'd off at one Time and in the self same Place, put me in Mind of a Simile, in *Horace's* Poeticks, of a *Sick Man's Dreams*. If we were to shut our Eyes, and listen with the most equal Attention we could to every thing said; the Confusion of the different Subjects and Sentiments would present much the same huddle of *Idea's*, as proceed from an ill Affection of the Brain, or irregular Fluctuation of the Humours.

I am as fully entertain'd sometimes with descending to Coffee-houses of less Note, and which are situated in private Streets; where the Neighbouring
Mechanicks

Mechanicks meet to learn a little News, and, from their Politicks, to procure an Opinion of their Wisdom: It is pleasant to observe the Concern and Thoughtfulness that dwell on each Face upon the *Arrival* of an *Express*, the coming in of the *Votes*, or the Publication of the *Session's-Paper*: There are generally some little Interests of a Wager depending, that give these News-mongers so much Sollicitude, or an Expectation of finding some agreeable Passage to divert their Wives with at their Return: But I must confess, at the same Time, it is provokingly ridiculous to hear a *Haberdasher* descant on a *General's* Misconduct, and talk of an *Army's* passing a *River* with the same Facility as he himself could go over *Fleet-bridge*: The Zeal of Another, and his Opinion of his Sufficiency, tho' but a *Piece-broker* by Profession, shall run over *Schemes* in *Parliament* at Home, and the Measures concerted in *Foreign Councils*. And a Third, sometimes more cautious of explaining himself, with Features scrued up to a grave kind of Sagacity, seats himself at your Elbow, and asks, *If there be any thing particular in the Papers.*

Among

Among the Provocations that are daily found in these *Three-half-penny* Societies, none can be greater than your *Declaimers* in Politicks. These are a Set of Men that are precise in their Coffee-house Hours, where they by Custom are intituled to a certain Seat, and are the *Oracles* of the Company. I have seen one of these, who, when he has begun to open, has been surrounded by a Convocation of *Listeners*, who have admir'd, without understanding him any more than they would a Lecture of Mr. *Whiston's* in *Astronomy*, or *Hydrostaticks*.

It is frequent with these Gentlemen to keep up their Harangue in a Stile and Tract of Thought as absurd, as unintelligible. Their Method of explaining Things is different from that with Men of common Reason; and the Substance of their Oration as foreign from the Point as it is pompous, and affected. I heard one of these Declaimers, upon mention of the *Caimacan* of *Constantinople's* Letter, begin a Dissertation on the Parity of the *Great Turk's* Preparations with those of the *Persian Xerxes*; and, somebody bolting out a Word by chance of the Embarkment at *Gottenberg*, he fell into the Question of how many
Tran-

Transports *Julius Cæsar* made use of in his Invasion of *Britain*: And I doubt not, had I stay'd long enough, I should have heard a *succinct* Account of what Vessels *Agamemnon* and his Confederates employ'd in the *Trojan* Expedition.

All that I have to say of these Political *Oracles*, is, that if they are not to be silenc'd for the Benefit of the Houses they use, their Declamations should at least be restrain'd to a certain Duration: And, like the Orations of the *Grecian* Pleaders, be limited by the *Hour-Glass*. Could this Restriction once be settled, I would allow them the Indulgence which those Gentlemen had; that if any One made an End of his Harangue before his *Glass* was *run out*, he should have the Liberty to resign the *remaining* Part of his *Sand* to a succeeding Orator that should have Occasion for it.

Thursday,

N^o 62. *Thursday, March 14.*

Οὐδέν ἐστιν ζῶον ἄλογον, ἀλλὰ καὶ νῦν, καὶ ἐπισήμης
 δέκλινκα ὅτι πάντα. Diog. Laer.

THE *Philosophers*, who have an Art of disputing every thing, of starting new seeming Truths, and raising insuperable Objections to their own Thoughts, have never, in my Opinion, puzzled any Question so much as that of *Brutes Thinking*. After they have done jumbling Matter and Motion in the Frame of their Bodies, and the Actions of an immaterial Substance upon their Organs, they toss the same Matter about as it acts externally, and play so many pretty Tricks with it, not without the Addition of a'undance o' hard Words, that one would be inclin'd to imagine they could perform as great Wonders, as a skilful Gamester does upon the Cards, by his private Marks and Management.

Now I, who come after all my Brethren upon this Subject, have thought of this partly in their Way, and partly in a new

one; and because Instances are the most proper Means of conveying any Opinion in a lively manner to the Reader, I shall chuse one or two upon the Affirmative Side of the Question, and suppose that *Brutes think*.

Of all the *Pretenders* to Thinking among the *Brute Creation*, the *Dog*, the *Elephant*, and the *Monkey* put in the fairest Claims: I should chuse to consider the first and the last of these Creatures, as being peculiar Favourites of the *Ladies*: The *Dog*, it is to be supposed, as resembling in his Qualities the *Fawnings* of a *Lover*: The *Monkey*, as it comes so near to the Figure and Dignity of *Man*. But the last *Animal* I design for a particular Dissertation. The *Dog* be then the present theme.

My first instance of this Creature's *Cogitation*, is the known Story of the *Dog*, who being at Liberty all the Night, and chain'd up in the Day, from a sagacious Quality discover'd where the Meat for the next Day's Provision was laid, which he took the Opportunity of turning to his own private Use by the following Stratagem. In his Hours of Freedom he first dug an Hole in the Earth, and then convey'd in his Provender,

vender, laying himself upon the Spot, to harden the Ground and prevent a Discovery; this he always did within the Compass of his Chain, so that while the Family were employ'd in the necessary Business of the House, he could take it unperceiv'd, Morsel by Morsel, and be as much an *Epicure* in his Way, as the Lord of the House in his own.

Now in this Artifice of the Dog we are to consider how many *Ideas* he must have towards the Performance, and what Conclusions he must make from the Course of his Reasoning. He must have those two *Relative* and very *Complex* Notions of *Faithfulness*, and *Theft*; and the next must be that which employs a Train of discursive Ideas, the Ways and Means of *Concealment*; the Hint of which must first arise from the Notion of being *punished* upon a Discovery. I believe we may affirm that in the Beginning, Progress, and Conclusion of this Stratagem, all the Parts of *Logick* are fairly included; and not only that, but a positive Notion of *Vice* and *Vertue*, and of *Right* and *Wrong*.

I do not intend to magnifie the *Rationality* of this Animal, in Opposition to the *human Species*; or to wish, with

some late *Wits*, that I had rather been of any Shape and Figure in the Creation, than that which I wear, a *Man's*. But this is certain, that many a *Lawyer* has lost a Cause, and ruin'd his Client, and many more *Physicians* have sent their Patients into the Undertaker's Hands, for Want of a Sagacity equal to this of the *Dog's*. There is not a *Session* passes at the *Old-Baily*, where not a few poor Felons swing in a Halter for not having been able to manage their *Thefts* with the same delicate Cunning and Dexterity as honest *Towser*.

The next Difficulty will be, as we put the Case, from whence this Disparity of Reasoning should arise, and why in the Phrase of the Poet, one *Man* should be more unlike *another*, than *Man* is to the *Brutes*. Mr. *Lock*, the last Philosopher of Eminence our Nation boasts, has in the Chapter where he makes the Difference between a *Fool*, and a *Madman*, gone the nearest to the Solution of this odd Question. He tells us that a *Fool*, or *Ideot*, from the Paucity of his *Ideas*, and a Defect in the way of Compounding them, makes few *Propositions*, and of consequence draws fewer Conclusions; for every Person who can form a *Proposition*,
position,

position, cannot deduce it into Consequences.

If the Matter then was to be stated between the *Fool*, and the *Dog*, the *Fool*, as the weakest always do, would certainly go to the *Wall*. The one in the Figure of *Man* reasons not at all, the other in his Four-footed *Hide* *thinks*, connects those Thoughts, and, without a *Punn*, is better than a *Cynick Philosopher*, if compared with the *Idiot*. The *wisest* Man that ever was sends his *Fool* to the *Ant* for Instruction; and what Numbers of this populous Nation might I send to the *Field*, to the *Stable*, to the *Dog-Kennel*, for the same Purpose? These are *Academies* which at present are little regarded by our Gentlemen of Wit and Spirit; but I will maintain that they are more useful than our Modern way of Travelling, to see *dumb Statues*, fine *Paintings*, and foreign *Virtuoso's*. For my own part, I have determined to make it Matter of Advice to the wild and ignorant Part of the Town, to have Recourse to the *Beasts* of the *Field*, for Improvements of the Faculties they neglect. The *Idle*, I will send to the *Monkey-Shop*, to learn at least to play with their *Limbs*; the *Bully* shall go to the *Slaughter-House*;

and as for my Friend *Furius*, there is a *Critical Apartment* actually now furnishing for him at the *Bear-Garden*.

My Readers, perhaps, will take it ill, if I do not consider the old Reason which has been given for the Similitude between *Brutes* and *Men*, but I have but just time to tell them it is an Old one, which I shall recommend to them in a Modern Dress from a very facetious *Poet*. The Configuration of the Organs being the same thro' the *Animal Creation*, it is alledged, that it is only some peculiar Accident that makes the differences of *Speaking* and *Reasoning* between us. This, I say, I leave to them in the Words of Mr. *Prior*, without any further Reflection at present.—

*Hence, when Anatomists discourse,
How like Brutes Organs are to Ours;
They grant, if higher Pow'rs think fit,
A Bear might soon be made a Wit:
And that, for any thing in Nature,
Pigs might squeak Love-Odes, Dogs bark
Satyre.*

Saturday,

N^o 63. *Saturday, March 16.*

Primo nè medium, medio nè discrepet imum
Hor.

THE Contradictions and Extravagances, that are so common in our *English* Tragedies, might reasonably make their Audience, and Readers suppose, that the Authors wrote without Rule or Design, without Regard either to Reason or Judgment, or any View to Probability or Decency.

To look on some of the Motley Performances of these Mistaken Poets, to see *Characters* so irregular and different in themselves, to see a *Multiplicity* of *Actions* huddled up in one Piece, and *Scenes* so detach'd and independant on their *Plot*, (or what they would have the Publick count such) one would imagine that Tragedy, in their Definition, were but a *Rhapsody* of *Dialogues*; that the Passions would be sufficiently refin'd, if they can contrive in one Place for a

Perriwig-pated Fellow, as *Shakespear* has express'd it, to rant till he *splits the Ears of the Groundlings*; in another for their *Heroine*, in Delpite of Nature, to dissemble the Agonies of a distracting Sorrow, and with moving Elegance exercise the *Handkerchief*, while the Spectators curse the Impropriety of the Author's Thought for introducing a Passion rais'd on so trivial an Occasion.

Mistakes in the Nature of the Emotions of the Soul, the Sources from which Grief or Rage arise, and the Springs on which they turn, are Faults of *Ignorance* in the Poet, as a Failure of working them up properly is of *Inability*. But there are other and more unpardonable Errors which are owing to his *Inadvertency*, or a blind Indulgence to himself, which makes him overlook Absurdities that are conspicuous to the most common of his Judges. These Blots happen, when an Author is not so absolutely a Master of his Subject as to command the whole at a single View; or when some parts of his Scenary are fix'd at random, and he does not examine himself for what End such a certain Incident is crowded into the Story.

The

The Inconsistencies in Plays, which shock the Judgment of the discerning Critick, might generally be prevented, if *Aristotle* were a little better consulted by our Authors.

There is a Precept, which this Philosopher gives us in his *Poeticks*, that if we attempt the Writing of a Tragedy, we ought first to draw the Plan of the Subject, to settle it as exactly as possible, and to overlook the whole, when settled, several Times; for in thus viewing carefully all its Parts, as if we were concern'd in the Action, we shall certainly find what is convenient and just, and see the least Defects, and the least Contrarieties which may have escap'd us. 'Tis for Want of observing this Method, that we fall into gross and considerable Faults: When, as Mr. Dacier has very truly remark'd, the Poet ought to be the first Spectator, to judge well of the Effects of his Composition.

I could wish we did not boast of too many such rash Productions in the Tragick way, as *Monsieur Hedelin* has describ'd in his *Art of the Stage*. “ If
 “ there happens, says he, a fiery Lad
 “ with Fancy and some Inclinations to
 “ Poetry; and he finds himself at leisure
 “ to employ his Parts his own Way, he

“fixes upon the Dramatic to start with,
“and out comes a Piece of his. To
“make which he generally follows this
“Method, he pitches upon some Story
“that pleases him, without considering
“whether it be fit for the Scene
“or no, or ever reflecting what is to
“be avoided in it, or what Ornaments
“may be added: He is resolv’d to hide
“behind the Curtain any thing that
“shall incommode him, and carries his
“Actors over the Seas with the Drawing
“of a Scene. Having thus fill’d
“every thing with ridiculous Imaginations,
“and Things opposite to all Probability,
“he makes his first Scene; but finding
“himself at a Stand he repairs to the
“Theatres to see if he can steal any
“Invention from them. Then he gets into
“the Company of some celebrated Poet or
“Critick, and from them he is supply’d
“with some new Thought, a passionate
“Incident, or some Slight of the Art,
“which he immediately employs quite
“contrary and out of all Time; then
“musters up Three or Four Hundred
“Verses and resolves to call them an Act.
“Thus going on in the same Method he
“gets to the Death or Marriage of some
“Prince,

“ Prince, and then ’tis privately whif-
 “ per’d among his Friends, that he has
 “ made a very pretty Play. The Ladies
 “ desire to see it, the Author reads it
 “ to them, and the Gentlemen of their
 “ Acquaintance; he is applauded to his
 “ Face, laugh’d at when his Back’s
 “ turn’d, and in short he acquires thus
 “ the honourable Title of a Poet.

I fear we can find among ourselves
 some *Tragick* Pieces wrote with as little
 Judgment and Coherence as the *French*
 Critick has describ’d in the Attempt of
 such a juvenile Bard; but I meant not
 in this Paper to animadvert on Errors of
Inexperience, but of *Negligence*.

The *Greek* Critick who has laid down
 the Necessity of an exact Survey of our
 Plan, has given us an Example of a Poet
 whose Tragedy was damn’d for Want of
 this Care. He has quoted the *Amphi-*
araus of *Carcinus*, where the Poet makes
 that Prince take Sanctuary in a Temple,
 which is the Scene thro’ the Play; and
 afterwards, in a Narration, says he has
 quitted the Temple, tho’ no Body saw
 any thing of his Departure. When this
 Piece was acted, says the Philosopher,
 it was damn’d; for the Audience
 would not suffer that he should endea-
 vour

your to perswade them, that *Amphiraus* was really gone out, when none of them had seen him.

It may be objected, That the Imputation of such Absurdities in a *Pagan* Writer will have but little Weight, unless I can prove they have been practis'd by our *own* Poets; and therefore I shall conclude this Paper with Two Instances, drawn from Plays that have had the Fortune to succeed, and be cry'd up for their *Passion* and *Incidents*: The *First* is from that Favourite Tragedy of Mr. *Lee's*, which he calls *Theodosius*. In this Play, *Athenais* the Daughter of a *Grecian* Philosopher is by *Pulcheria* converted to Christianity; and, if we may believe her own Words, so perfect a Convert, that her Thoughts are sequestred from all Passions but those which relate to her new Religion.

Athen. *I am adopted yours; you are my
Goddeſs,
That have new form'd, new moulded my
Conceptions,
And by the Platform of a Work divine,
New fram'd, new built me to your own De-
ſires;*

Thrown

*Thrown all the Lumber of my Passions out,
And made my Heart a Mansion of Perfection.*

This Reformation is made in the *Third Act*; and yet in the Beginning of the *Fifth*, (being disappointed in her Love,) contrary to the System of her new *Faith*, she drinks Poyson. Had *Lee* examin'd his Plan with Care, he had certainly either omitted her *Baptism*, or not made her guilty of *Self-Murther* so soon after her Conversion.

The *Second Instance of Absurdity*, which is more flagrant, is in *Banks's Earl of Essex*; the *Earl* receives a Ring from his *Queen*, with a full Promise of his Life granted whenever he restores it: Being Sentenc'd for Treason, he gives this Ring to the Countess of *Nottingham* to convey to the Queen, and obtain his Pardon. He rests in a full Assurance of the Grant: for when he enters, and is inform'd by *Rawleigh* that he brings an Order for his Execution, he breaks out into this Complaint:

*Is Death th' Event of all my flatter'd Hopes!
False Sex! and Queen more perjur'd than
'em all! &c.*

Yet

Yet without quitting the Scene, when his *Wife* comes to him to take her Leave, he pulls out a Letter which he had writ to the Queen, in which are these Words:—*I have but one Thing to repent of since my Sentence, which is, that I sent the Ring by Nottingham, fearing it should once put my Queen in mind of her broken Vow.*—Every body now must see how inconsistent this is with his *flatter'd Hopes* and Prepossessions of Pardon.



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